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Farm, Garden and Household.

Portable Pig Pen.

The writer has used the following plan for a cheap and portable pig pen for store pigs, and finds it very convenient. It consists of two portions—the sleeping box and the yard, both portable, but not fastened together. Two men can lift each part separately and carry it into fresh ground when the yard needs cleaning out, and weeds, rubbish and potato tops can readily be thrown into the yard from a cart.

The yard is made of inch spruce fencing strips four inches wide, 10 or 12 feet long, nailed to 3x4 inch spruce posts placed at the corners and in the middle of each side. As the posts do not enter the ground, two men can easily lift the yard and carry it to fresh ground. Five strips are used on each side, with three-inches space between the strips. On one side of the yard two of the strips reach only half way, leaving an opening from the yard to the sleeping box. A trough of 14 inch spruce, 6 inches wide, nailed together at right angles, is used for feeding in the yard.

The sleeping box is of matched boards 4 feet by 6 feet on the floor, thirty inches high in rear, and forty-two inches high in front, which is partly open, and stands against the opening in the yard. The roof slopes from front to rear like a lean-to shed, and there are two handles at each end, by which two men can lift it for removal. This box stands on legs, which raises the floor 8 inches above the ground, keeping it dry in wet weather. In littering it well, the pigs will thrive in quite cold weather; but this arrangement is intended chiefly for summer use, when we generally carry a larger stock than can be accommodated in the more comfortable winter quarters. Eight or ten pigs just weaned are put in one yard, but as they grow larger a smaller number only should be allowed. The yard will need removal and cleaning out once in every three weeks. This plan could be used perhaps by those farmers who feed fat pigs on growing clover, removing the pens daily, much on the same principle as the English farmers feed their turnips and other crops to sheep in the so-called folds. Yard and box together will need about 250 feet of spruce lumber, and can be made in half a day by an ordinary man who can handle tools. [Country Gentleman.

Poultry.

As a general rule we do not think farmers pay sufficient attention to the production of poultry for sale. Carefully kept accounts will demonstrate that one pound of poultry can be produced at about half the cost of the same weight of beef or pork, and always meets with a ready market. Another advantage is that it can be attended to quite as well, if not better, by women and children than by men; thus economizing the labor of the whole family, and directing it into the production of profit for the general purse.

Try the experiment of allowing the children, if large enough, to take care of the poultry for a share of the products, either in eggs or dressed poultry. Charge them with all the food consumed and credit them with the eggs and flesh consumed by the family, and note your percentage in the speculation and the benefit it has been to them. The Maryland Farmer puts it in this way: "If farmers who think poultry does not pay, would give their feathered stock to their sons and daughters, with permission to enjoy and own any profit that might accrue from keeping them, they would soon be convinced that 'there is something in it.' There certainly is no more health-producing exercise than that afforded by caring for, or having the management of a flock of poultry, and if the flock is one of any of the pure breeds—there is in addition to the exhilirating influences, an enthusiasm that causes what might otherwise be considered a task, to become pleasure—and therefore profit and pleasure are combined. A young lady in Bethel, Pa., during the year of 1874, kept strict account of all expenditures for food, etc., for her yard of fowls, and at the regular market prices for eggs and chickens, and she cleared above all expenses $200, besides having more stock on hand than she started with. Is not this an incentive sufficient to awaken an interest among the numerous fair readers of the farmers in favor of gallinacious stock? It is certainly worthy of emulation." [Ex.

Farm Stock.

It seems to me that many breeders make a great mistake in paying too little attention to the health and constitutional vigor of their live stock. While making a great effort to breed to certain styles and forms, and shades of color, they neglect the far weighter matters of health and vital power. I like to see an animal with a perfect form and a beautiful color, but I consider good health, hardiness and strong digestive organs worth a good deal more than either of these, or both combined. For, no matter how beautiful an animal may be, if it has not strong power of digestion it will not thrive, and can not be made a source of profit. But, on the other hand, a creature may be very imperfectly formed, badly colored, and, as far as outward appearances are concerned, a very inferior animal, and yet be a profitable one to keep. As it is from the food that material for growth must be supplied, and as food can do no good unless it is digested, it follows that strong digestive powers are indispensable to growth and productiveness. If an animal can not digest a sufficient quantity of food, it can not be made a source of profit to its owner. Yet we often see animals that have good blood in their veins whose power of digestion and assimilating food are very feeble. They have been fed with special reference to other things, and without regard to constitutional vigor. I am sure that with proper care these things can be secured, together with beauty of color and perfection of form, and it seems to me that such a combination is an object worth striving to secure. [Cor. Practical Farmer.

Buckwheat

The buckwheat crop is one which, during the coming season, should be largely cultivated. Every available acre of land should be largely cultivated. Every available acre of land should be brought into profitable play during these times, in order that the resources of the country may be fully developed, and its prosperity increased. Among the means of adding to our resources, we may name the cultivation of buckwheat. This grain may be grown on land which is too poor to produce almost any other crop, and especially upon that which has been cropped and not manured, as wheat stubble of the present year.

It is contended by some that buckwheat is an exhaustive crop; but it is doubtful whether it exceeds, in this particular, any of the other cereals. Where such results are anticipated, it may be well to apply a dressing of bone dust, super-phosphate, or what has been found to be equally advantageous, leached ashes. It is not well to have the soil too rich, or to apply manures of a highly stimulating character to this crop, as the stalks become too rank and fall to the ground.

Make your orchards your poultry yards. Fruit-trees and poultry have an affinity for each other in more ways than one. The busy chickens find every bug, worm and egg that sooner or later work harm to the trees, and their droppings enrich and promote a healthy and vigorous growth. Clip their wings if they exhibit a desire to climb for fruit. Give your fowls plenty of dust or coal ashes as a bath, also lime, rubbish and gravel, together with proper food, and you will be rewarded by healthy fowls and a generous supply of eggs. With all the other directions which are given for the prevention of disease among poultry, none is of more importance than that of having clean, well ventilated houses.

Improving Farms.

How few farmers improve their farms to the extent they might do, if they had the requisite energy and perseverance! Let us suppose a case. Mr. A. buys a farm that is "run down," the land is poor, the farm out of repair, the house gone to ruin, the barn leaky, no orchard, or garden worthy of the name, fields grown up to briars, no under-draining ever thought of, swamps in various places, land rocky, or too rough for a mowing machine—all the typical character of a man who is not fit to own a rod of land. Ten years pass, and we again examine this farm: and what do we behold? The rocky and rough fields are as smooth as a lawn; the grass is luxuriant; marshes and swales have disappeared by ditching and under-draining; fine fences over the entire farm greet the eye; a young orchard is just coming into bearing; the dwelling is painted and blinded; shade and fruit trees adorn the yard; the barn and out-houses look comfortable, and are in good repair; a substantial picket fence surrounds the house and garden, and everything denotes thrift and comfort! How was this great improvement effected? Simply by persistent labor at odd times, when the crops did not need special attention, and the improved crops from year to year, obtained by a thorough system of farming, paid the entire expenses. Had Mr. B. or Mr. C. bought this farm, it is probable that it would to-day be the same old forlorn and "run down" place. It is *energy and brains* that effect such results; and many farmers could do the same if they would wake up and bestir themselves.

We learn that the farmers in various localities are being swindled in a manner closely resembling the agricultural implement fraud. A fellow comes along to the farmer and offers him the exclusive agency in his vicinity for a patent spring bed. The article appears to be a good thing; no money is to be paid till the whole lot is sold. The farmer signs an agreement which he supposes is to that effect. Shortly the spring beds are sent down: soon another agent appears, who wants to collect the money for those spring beds! The farmer replies that the money was not to be paid till the beds were sold. The fellow pulls out a paper *pinned* to that which the farmer had signed, and frightens him into giving his note. The note once obtained it is soon put into the hands of a third party, and the duped farmer must pay it. We have frequently cautioned our Maine farmers against frauds of this kind and now we say to them again: "Beware of the patent bed man," and always be careful what you sign.

A Good Cement. A good cement for mending almost any thing may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or any coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin-pans or wash-boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, &c. Holes an inch in diameter can be filled and used the same for years in boiling water and feed. It may also be used to fasten on lamp-tops, to tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, to tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon-hubs, and in a great many other ways. In all cases the articles mended should not be used until the cement is hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water, hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat.

Farms can be bought in Maine, remarks the Lewiston Journal, for less than the cost of buildings and fences, and yet farming is profitable, strange as it may seem to some. Not all the farms in Maine can be bought thus; yet there are some that can, and pretty good farms too. Farms are not valued as high as they ought to be. There has been too great a rush from farms into cities and villages; farms have been neglected, and farming has not been improved as much as it might have been.

Mode of Making Gunpowder.

The mode of making gunpowder is now-adays about the same everywhere. The saltpetre, the charcoal, and the sulphur all must be ground very finely. Among rude tribes in Asia, as in old times, the grinding is done by women and children, who pound the ingredients with wooded pestles in wooden mortars, and often finish by blowing up the whole family, house and all. In other places they pass a crank-shaft through a barrel and fix it in a frame. This barrel they partly fill with what they wish to pulverize, and also with a quantity of brass or wooden balls. By turning the crank rapidly the balls and the material are both rolled around from side to side, and finally the grinding is effected. Next they mix the three together in proper proportions, spreading it on a wooden table, turning it with wooden paddles, and rolling it with wooden rollers; then they put it back into the wooden mortar or tub and pound it again, any blow, just as likely as not, being the last they will live to give. If they and the powder survive this, they then spread it on a cloth in the sun to dry, and if it don't blow up before they can gather it together again, the husbands and fathers of these brave women and children soon have plenty of powder. I have been told of a lady brought up in the East Indies, whose most vivid remembrance of her early life was the blowing-up of a "native" family by such means. But in the modern powder-mills there are deep, circular troughs of stone or iron, around and around in which travel ponderous wheels. Men with wooden shovels keep the material under the rollers, where it is thoroughly crushed.

When enough of each ingredient is ready to make a batch of powder, they weigh it—about 75 parts of saltpetre, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur. These proportions, however, vary somewhat, depending upon what the powder is to be used for, and the strength required.

The weighed-out ingredients must now be mixed. Usually, the charcoal and sulphur are put together first in revolving barrels, in which are loose zinc, brass, or copper balls; and when this is completed, the saltpetre is added, and the rolling process is repeated until the whole is well intermingled. In some mills the three ingredients are put in the barrels and mixed in one operation; but this mode is attended with greater risk.

All this, however, is mere stirring. The real mixing must be done under great pressure.

Now begins the greatest danger. The stirred up materials are taken to another shed, called the "incorporating mill," where there are more wheels and troughs; but, instead of men with shovels, there are wooden and copper scrapers attached to the machinery, that follow the wheels and keep the mixture in place. The ingredients are placed in the trough, the wheels started, and the men lock the doors and go away. Hour after hour, around and around in the dark, all alone rumple these mighty wheels. So long as the little scrapers attend to their business, evenly spreading the mixture three or four inches deep in the bottom of the trough, all will be well; but if anything goes wrong—puff—bang!—that is the end of that mill. If the crushing-wheels and the iron bottom of the trough should happen to touch, the chances are they would "strike fire;" but the cushion of powder between is supposed to prevent this. [St. Nicholas for July.

On a Naughty Little Boy, Sleeping.

BY BRET HARTE.

Just now I missed from hall and stair
A joyful treble that had grown
As dear to me as that grave tone
That tells the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
Were stayed. I laid aside my pen.
Forgot my theme and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sight! no sound!—a moment's freak
Of fancy thrilled my pulses through:
"It—no"—and yet that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then—I found him. There he lay,
Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
The rosy Vandal who had sacked
His little town, and thought it play.

The shattered vase, the broken jar,
A match still smouldering on the floor:
The inkstand's purple pool of gore:
The chessmen scattered near and far.

Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked Baby of the Woods;
In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached, the feet that strayed;
And fallen in that ambuscade
The victor was himself o'erwrought.

What though torn leaves and tattered book
Still testified his deep disgrace!
I stooped and kissed the inky face,
With its demure and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled
My guilt, in trust that when my sleep
Should come, there might be One who'd keep
An equal mercy for His child.
[Harper's Magazine.

Aunt Prue's Dinner.

"Sour bread again, dear," said, or rather growled, Walter Allison, a rising young lawyer, as he pushed his plate away.

"Do you think it is sour, Wally? It seems to me only to taste a little of the yeast."

"Yeast? There's always an excuse, you know. It wasn't yeast that made the coffee bitter yesterday."

"But it hasn't been bitter before for months."

"It should never be. It seems to me a woman has time enough to attend thoroughly to all these trifling matters. I never knew my Aunt Prue to make a mistake. Pray, write to her, and get her receipt for bread. It was the lightest, sweetest——"

He looked up in astonishment. Bessy, his loving little Bessy, had rushed from the room.

"Always Aunt Prue! Always Aunt Prue!" cried Bessy, walking the floor of her chamber, distractedly. "I'm so tired of fault-finding, when I am doing my best. I'm almost sorry——. But no; I will not say that, 'For better, for worse.' Oh, dear me! I'll write to Aunt Prue, and tell her all about it."

As she sat down to her little writing-desk a thought occurred to her which provoked a perplexed and yet amused smile, and her pen was speedily at work. We will only copy a sentence or two.

"I know that 'Waily' is the apple of your eye, as, indeed, he is of mine; but he has been so accustomed to your excellent housekeeping, to 'be cooked and cared for,' as he says, by his dear Aunt Prue, that he is a little, just a little, exacting. I know I was a poor housekeeper when we were first married, then he was so very patient that I could but try my best to improve; and having put heart and will in the work, I think my efforts have been successful. Indeed, I do my best to please him, but——

You cannot tell with what delight I look forward to your long promised visit. We have talked of it for weeks—baby, Walter and I—and our little one has learned some sweet words of welcome for Aunt Prue. They sound so prettily from her cherry lips!

But to the point. Walter is a good husband. Oh, don't think that I like to speak of a single fault; but I must tell you how he disheartens me. When I think I have seasoned some favorite dish entirely to his liking, he is sure to find that I fail in something. 'Wait till Aunt Prue comes.' Just ask Aunt Prue how she does this or that,' or 'I'd give half I'm worth,'—which ain't much, poor fellow—to taste one of Aunt Prue's nice dinners. Now, Aunty, as we expect you here next week, for the New Year's holidays, I have been thinking of asking you if you will cook the New Year's day dinner, without Walter's knowledge, of course.

'Saucy minx!' I fancy you will be tempted to say; and indeed believe it is a little impertinent; but nevertheless, I hope that you will accede to the request, because you see I am almost desperate.

There is some humor in the arrangement, too, as I look at it, and I know you enjoy fun; so please say 'Yes.' When we shall see if Walter's criticisms are just, or whether that odious wolf habit has fastened his fangs so strongly upon my dear, good husband, that he is almost, or quite unconscious of his fault."

Such was a part of the letter received by Miss Prue Webster, and which she read by her cheerful open grate.

"The poor child!" she murmured, taking off her spectacles. "The pretty, proud little thing! Wally must have transgressed, indeed, to bring out a plaint like that, for under all the playfulness there is a cry that goes to my heart. I know how it is, for his father was so before him. Yes, he must have a lesson, and Bessy has hit upon just the thing. How much I shall enjoy his criticism, either way!"

So she wrote to her neice she had never met in person, that she would cook the first dinner, and then refreshed her imagination by looking at Bessy's photograph.

She had well called her a proud, pretty little thing. Such sweetness and such pride are seldom combined in the same countenance. Every feature was replete with beauty of its kind; the nose straight and delicate, the lips firm, yet tenderly arched; the eyes smiling and lustrous; the face a perfect oval; and to crown all, the soft, wavy hair thrown carelessly from the low brow, and braided in a massive coronet. This was the picture of which Walter had written just two years ago, as follows:

"It is not half as beautiful as the original: color, motion and grace are wanting. But oh, Aunty, she is a thousand times too lovely and too good for me. Shall I ever be worthy of such a treasure!"

"And now, since she has condescended to step down from the pedestal of worship, and care for and cook for him, he must needs find fault with every effort she makes to please his fastidious palate," she said, indignantly. "I'll give him a lesson." And she indulged her sense of amusement by contemplating the sort of punishment she intended to mete out to her erring nephew.

The thirtieth of December came, and when Walter returned home, at night, he said,

"I had a telegram this morning. Aunt Prue will be here by the seven o'clock train to-morrow. I suppose you have everything ready?"

"Quite ready," was Bessy's reply, "and very anxious to make her comfortable. Would you like to see her room?"

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," said Walter, who had come home in an exceptionally good humor; and taking little Lulu upon his shoulder, the child crowing with delight, he followed his wife up stairs, thinking that very probably he might be able to suggest some improvement. It was his way rather to suggest alterations, then to speak well of what was already done. "Don't you think you've looped the curtains too low?" he queried. "And isn't it rather childish to tie them with blue?"

"I thought blue was your favorite color," said Bessy, who had fancied her arrangement of the one bay window a master-piece.

"Yes; but—you see the hanging-basket in the centre being necessarily composed of green plants and vines, makes the contrast unpleasant."

"True enough," said Bessy, with the least possible tinge of sarcasm in her voice. "I might have looped them with green. But then, you see, I have draped the toilet with blue; and the carpet, happening to be blue and fawn, perhaps the contrast might have been still more unpleasant. Shall I take the basket down? You know you said your aunt was fond of plants."

"Perhaps, if she is, she may not like them in her bed room. However, let the thing be," he added, graciously. "I would loop the curtains a foot higher, though."

"And spoil it all," said Bessy, almost petulently, for she often of late found herself inclined to "snap" under the constant succession of mildly irritating criticisms, in which her husband indulged.

"No—render the effect a hundred times prettier. But no matter. I am a man, and I suppose my opinion goes for nothing. Still, I would like to see the curtains changed."

Little Lulu, meantime, applauded her mother's handiwork with loud acclamations. "Pitty, pitty!" she cried, pursing up her rosy mouth, and clapping her baby-hands, as she looked from point to point.

"Would'nt blue have looked better upon the bed?" asked Walter, whose wide glances could find no fault in all the other arrangements.

"It seems to me white is more appropriate," Bessy made answer; but if you prefer the blue, I will put it on."

"Most decidedly!" said Walter, delighted with this concession. "I knew the room wanted something, and that was it. I am sure you will be better pleased yourself. It won't be much trouble. You've all day to-morrow, and I particularly want Aunt Prue to be pleased. From what I have said of you, she will have no ordinary expectations as to your taste and ability. So, do me honor."

It was always *me* with lordly Walter Allison. Bessie looked up in the face of her tall, handsome, stalwart husband, as he stood there, so kingly in his beauty, the lovely babe still smiling from his shoulder; one chubby arm encircling his neck; one dimpled, white-fingered hand half hidden in his luxurious whiskers.

Superb in his royal privileges as dictator and commander, how could he fathom the expression of that too pale, yet tender face, whose sweet serenity his thoughtless fault-finding so often clouded? And yet she was grieving that moment because he so seldom praised her.

The next day Aunt Prue came punctually at seven in the evening. Bessy, the baby, everything, looked charming by gas-light. As to Aunt Prue, Bessy's first longing was to fall on her bosom, and feel herself encircled by such an embrace as she fancied her mother would have given her; for Bessy's mother had been in heaven many years.

Aunt Prue was very weary, being unused to travelling, and declined supper, taking only a cup of milk, and retiring almost immediately. "How do you like her?" asked Walter.

"Very much. I am sure I shall love her dearly, before long."

"I think you will. Has she not a lovely face? She is not as beautiful as my mother was, but she has always seemed like a mother to me. We must try to make her visit enjoyable. The only thing I tremble about is, the table—the fare. Of course, you will do the best you can, but there is a knack about these things. I might almost say a genius, which only the favored few possess. I was glad she declined the supper; she is so very particular about her tea. I dread to-morrow's dinner more than I can tell. It will be New Year, and we ought to have something fine."

"Why should you dread it?" asked Bessy, looking up.

"Oh, I am sure you will do your best. I believe you always do your best," he repeated, in a way that intimated quite plainly, "but that best is so poor!"

Bessy smiled, but he did not see her.

"You think I am very particular about my food," he went on. "Wait till you taste some of Aunt Prue's dishes, and you will understand why. Food well cooked and assimilated has much to do with the spiritual, as well as the physical being of man. It makes the monster good-natured, too. Why, I have tasted a bitter cup of coffee all day, and likely as not, been cross to my clerks on account of it. So you see how much depends on the *cuisine*. Now, suppose we make out a bill of fare."

The next morning, at breakfast, Walter made a wry face three times, and quite as many excuses for everything that was served. Aunt Prue said nothing, though she enjoyed her meal. But she took mental notes.

Bessy did not look as well by daylight; an expression of fatigue pervaded her whole being. The baby had been restless; Walter's way evidently annoyed her. She had worked too hard at this well-arranged breakfast.

"I will go now, and make my New Year's calls," said Walter, as he rose from the table. "That will give you, Bessy and Aunt Prue, a good, long morning together."

"It isn't possible that you do all the cooking!" said Aunt Prue, as the two women left the dining-room, Bessy holding the heavy baby.

"The girl helps me a little," was Bessy's reply, "and is willing to do more: but Walter is always dissatisfied with her cooking. Indeed, Aunt Prue, it is a great pleasure for me—if I could only please him; but since baby came, it is not always possible. I had a nurse for a time, but Walter objects to a nurse; and it is hard to get a good one."

"How often do you go out?" asked Aunt Prue.

"How often? Oh, dear me! I haven't been outside the house for months, hardly," was the answer, with a nervous laugh.

"How men do yoke and goad their angels!" said Aunt Prue, half to herself.

"What did you say, Aunt Prue?"

"I was thinking of an expression in one of Walter's love-letters."

"Oh!" And Bessy's cheek grew radiant with a girlish blush.

"I mean one of his letters to me, when he was in love, in which he makes mention of a certain angel."

"Indeed?" And Bessy laughed in her olden fashion.

"We must take him in hand," said Aunt Prue, seriously. "This 'all work and no play' will never answer. I'm sure, my dear, if you always give him half such nice meals as that of this morning, he has no right to complain."

"But you saw——" said Bessy, timidly.

"Yes, yes, I saw that he was trying to make the food seem more palatable by underrating it. Now, to-day I'll get up one of my best dinners, and you shall do nothing but look on. Just give me a kitchen apron, my dear, and wish me good speed."

They had a merry time of it that morning. Baby was happy and jolly under the superintendence of her mother; the oven worked to a charm, and everything was in readiness for the lord of the household, who awaited dinner with more than a little trepidation, quite unconscious that the aunt, paler than usual from exertion, and the wife over-flushed from anticipation, had changed places expressly on his account.

So they sat down to dinner, each one more or less expectant. Walter ran his eye over the table.

"Bessy, dear, I don't think it's an improvement to stack the knives and forks over the napkins, like a parcel of guns," he said. "Tell Mary I like the other way best. Ah, quite too rare, I'm afraid!" as he plunged his knife into the beef. "Aunt Prue, I'm afraid I can't suit you to-day. I remember how thoroughly your roasts were always done, and yet were juicy. The gravy is browner than usual," he added, dipping into the dish. "I don't know about the butter-beans; yours were always delicious." And so on to the end of the chapter. For every dish there was some hint or glance of disparagement, and it was all Bessy could do, with her almost painful sense of the ludicrous, to keep from laughing outright, as occasionally Aunt Prue's speaking eyes met her's.

"I'm so sorry, Aunt Prue," said Bessy at last, mustering all the gravity she could command, that after your having taken the trouble to get up this nice dinner expressly for Walter, he should have found fault with everything you have done."

"What!" cried Walter explosively, half rising, and looking from one to the other.

"My dear, after your cooking, I expected he would," said Aunt Prue quietly. "The sample you gave of your powers, this morning, was quite beyond my poor efforts."

Then a bright red flush covered the man's face, even to his brow. Were these two women making sport of him? Had he heard aright? In his own opinion he was one of the most acute men alive. That nobody could deceive him had always been a favorite maxim of his.

"I wanted to make the experiment," said Aunt Prue, in the most innocent manner imaginable, "and I find Walter, that you have been quite spoiled by your wife."

"Bessy! Aunt Prue! why don't you tell me? Oh, hang it!" And he turned away, too deeply mortified to express himself fittingly.

"Pray, don't mind it," said Aunt Prue. "You know, my dear, I am getting a little old-fashioned."

But Walter had received his lesson. He was too keen not to see that it had been purposely given; and he was man enough to feel profoundly ashamed of himself. Indeed, in time, he confessed as much, and applauded the ingenuity that had so completely taken the ground from under his feet.

Aunt Prue's visit proved so delightful to all parties that she made arrangements to remain with them for an indefinite time: and henceforth Bessy's cares were lightened, and she became, as in former days, the angel and blessing of home. But she always maintained that she owed something of it, at least, to Aunt Prue's New Year's dinner. [Peterson for January.

War in Kentucky.

[From a Correspondent of the New York Herald.]

Carter, Rowan and Fleming are three counties of Northeastern Kentucky which lie comparatively out of the route of modern travel. They are in the district separated from the railroads of West Virginia by the Cumberland Mountains and the family of streams of which the Big Sandy is the chief, and which is cut off from the railroad system of Western Kentucky by the mountanous nature of the country. Between them and the Cumberland range lies a larger territory still less accessible. The physical situation of these three counties demands notice, because it explains why such a region is peculiarly adapted alike for the perpetration of crime and for the concealment of it through the escape of criminals with their gains. For some years the residents of these counties have been plagued beyond endurance by the depredations of a band of men who live by stealing the live stock of citizens, and which has grown to be so powerful as to defy all the machinery of the law. The depredators are organized into a force characterized by all the dicipline of a trained army, and all efforts to protect property or punish thieves have been unavailing. The Sheriff of Carter county proved powerless to execute writs against any of the robber band, and recently allowed his authority to be openly despised by George Underwood, the chief of the indicted desperadoes. The contest between property and plunder has continued so long that it has grown to be a matter of clanship on each side, certain families being engaged wholly in stealing the property of certain others, who could never succeed in resisting or punishing the robbers by any attainable process of law.

PROFITS OF DISHONOR.

The plunderers who neglected their land were much more successful in life than the farmers and stock-raisers, who were robbed. Horses are the most valuable property in the district. They are of superior blood and mainly from the same stock as Ten Broeck and the other famous racers, who are the pride of the Harper and other Kentucky farms. Hence the principal object of the thieves was to steal and run off the farmers' horses. For this purpose they devised a perfect system. The country is full of natural caves and "slides," which are large sloping pits under the cliffs, large enough to afford perfect shelter and security to stolen property. In these caves the outlaws had established a regular system of stations. An animal stolen in Fleming county was ridden by the thief only to the next station, there turned over to his accomplice, and by him to the next, and so on until the Ohio river, the Mississippi, or some other safe point of sale or shipment was arrived at. It is a fact that, in case of persistent pursuit, stolen animals have in this way been passed from hand to hand, through the chain of accomplices, as far as the northern boundary of Texas. It was on account of this system of depredation, which destroyed the value of their whole property, that the proprietors of the settled portions of the three counties determined to take the law into their own hands and extirpate the thieves.

THE MIDNIGHT CONJURATION.

In pursuance of this determination a meeting was held near midnight on Sunday, May 13, in a ravine near the great natural bridge in Carter county. Over one hundred of the leading land-owners of Carter, Rowan and Fleming were present. Of these eighty-three took the oath "to stand by and support the captain and each other, and be prepared at any time, on command of superior authority, to chase the horse-thieves to the death; to obey their captain in all things, and if ordered to kill, to kill and ask no questions." During the meeting the whole subject of the evils afflicting the counties was discussed and the lines strictly drawn between those who were to be considered as friends and as foes. These were easily distinguished, because in that wild country pursuits are hereditary, and the name has come to signify the occupation. The records of the Courts, as well as other public facts, brand in the estimation of the community as habitual thieves the Martins, Logans, Pendlynns, Underwoods and other of their close connections; while the Stampers, Tabers, Rices, Holbrooks, Wilcoxes and Everetts are among the principal industrious and reputable land-owners. Of the Underwood family two are outlawed and are now said to form part of the famous James brothers gang of Missouri; one of them, Jesse, having been shot in the leg by Charles Holbrook while engaged in a robbery two years ago and then having escaped to Missouri by jumping his bail. These facts were all considered at the midnight meeting and lines of proscription drawn and each man assigned to his station. It was resolved that the next crime should be punished by the beginning of a bitter war of extermination on the proscribed.

HOW THE MIDNIGHT OATH WAS KEPT.

While the regulators kept their midnight oath, the fact of there having been a meeting got noised abroad, and for a short time the depredations ceased. However, on Saturday, the 9th of June, Stamper, a peaceful farmer, had three colts stolen from his place. He gave public notice that if the stolen animals were not returned before Monday the thief would be punished with death. The guilty parties were believed to be the Pendlynns, who are cousins of the Stampers, so closely are people connected in this region where emigration and immigration being alike almost unknown the families intermarry to an extent unusual in less isolated districts, and even to the extent, travellers say, of affecting the brightness of the eyes of the women and the mental quickness of the men. The stolen animals were not returned. One of the Pendlynns, living in Carter county, six miles from Olive Hill, was shot in the leg while walking from his house to his barn. He held his little child by the hand, and it is believed that this circumstance changed the aim of his foe and saved his life. On Tuesday, June 12, at 1 o'clock, George Underwood, who, during the rebellion had been chief of the Union Home Guards of that part of Kentucky, and the father of the two members of the James gang of Missouri, was riding with Jesse Pendlynn along the banks of Upper Tygast creek. A shot was fired from the woods and Underwood fell dangerously wounded. Since then Jesse Pendlynn has fallen in a like manner, and within a week four men have been shot dead and two severely wounded. All of these were of the proscribed, excepting one of the vigilants, who was slightly wounded.

A FAMILY VENDETTA.

How largely the deplorable affair partakes of the character of a family feud is evident from the fact that the family of Stampers, from whom the colts were stolen, numbers over forty-five able bodied men, and that, excluding the imported miners who work the iron and coal along the line from Willard Riverton for the Eastern Kentucky Coal Company and the span of railroad it controls, a directory of the counties would not include fifty family names.

THE ACTION OF THE STATE.

The Governor of Kentucky has just visited the seat of difficulty, but no steps have been taken yet to suppress the armed unlawful bands. He says that the law must be vindicated against all unauthorized combination, but I fancy that before steps can be taken to do this the vigilants will have put an end to several horse thieves and to the practice of horse thieving for a season at least. The farmers of Fleming and Rowan and owners of the log cabins of Carter seem to be too thoroughly aroused to the necessity of protecting their property to wait now for slow process of law.

The Cry of "Dead-Heads." In a long article on "journalism and reporters," the New York Evening Mail says thus: "It is the people and not the journalists who are the 'dead-heads.' In case anything more serious than stubbing the toe befalls a man he hastens to the nearest newspaper and demands that the editor shall wield the pen and shed ink in his vindication or defence. And if the jaded editor does not with alacrity espouse the cause of his patron, he will make an enemy for life. Members of the press are literally hunted down by all sorts of people who have axes to grind. The managers of a public meeting who do not find the reporters at the table suffer stings of disappointment; the judge, who sonorously blows his nose before reading his opinion, looks anxiously for the stenographers; the preacher who discants upon some special subject looses spirit if the representatives of the press are not there; even the burglar on the way to the state prison, covets a talk with the 'newspaper' man. Yet, the outside barbarian thinks all newspaper men are dead-heads, and envies them the fine times they have in the way of free dinners and free tickets to all manner of shows. There never was a greater mistake. People do not seem to realize that, on the part of the journalist, it is merely a matter of business; that the editor or reporter goes to these places, so attractive to outsiders, much as the horse goes to the plow—because he must do so. We venture to say that four-fifths of these entertainments are to journalists intolerable bores. The press is the victim of the public's rapacious and unceasing demand for service without pay. Let us have the boot on the right leg.

Singular Point in Dispute. Some years ago, Carlotta Canda, a young and beautiful girl, a reigning belle of New York French society, attended a theatrical performance. As she entered her carriage, at the close of the entertainment, the horses took fright, she was thrown out and almost instantly killed. Old residents of New York and Brooklyn still speak reverently of the funeral as one of the most remarkable events in the society of the day, and visitors to Greenwood cemetery have learned well every curve and line of the monument that points the resting place of the lovely French girl. It is the distinguishing mark in the "beautiful city of the dead," and is pointed out to strangers as the handsomest tribute ever erected at private expense.

Not long ago the remains of the girl were removed to Calvary cemetery, and, now that the relatives propose to remove the shaft, the Greenwood authorities interfere and decline to part with it. The ground upon which the cemetery managers rely is found in their peculiar style of disposing of their lots. The fee-simple is not conveyed, only an interest, and, as the monument became a part of the realty when its foundation was sunk in the lot, the title rests in the management, and the relatives have lost all ownership in the shaft. A peculiar legal point is thus raised, and the question of title will undoubtedly be tested in the courts, to which will be submited collaterally the right to all the tombstones and monuments that lend their beauty to Greenwood cemetery.

This is the way that a popular Portland hotel is to supply itself with milk, fruit and vegetables, according to the Press

Messrs. Gibson & Waterhouse, the proprietors of the Preble House, have recently purchased a farm in Scarboro, and if the results so far are any indications of what the future will be, their farming will be on a different scale from that of the gentlemen quoted above. They have purchased the well known Tucker farm at Oak Hill and are already reaping benefits from it. They have stocked the place with twelve of the best cows to be found in the state, which furnish all the milk used at the hotel. The milk is brought into the city every morning by one of the farm hands, and is fresh and nice, with no indications of being "lengthened," as is too often done by milk dealers. They also propose to do quite a business in raising swine. They have already about sixty hogs and pigs which are kept wholly by the swill from the hotel, which is another great advantage. The hennery is well filled, but as yet the biddies do not nearly supply the hotel table with eggs, although Mr. Gibson has great expectations of what they will do after the heated term is over.

Mr. Gibson gives the farm his leisure, and while he does not expect to make a fortune, he does expect to furnish his house with better vegetables, milk, eggs, etc., than can be had at the markets.

The death, at 54, lately occurred of an Englishman, known as the Norfolk giant. He was a farmer, and often loaded his own wagon by carrying four bushels of wheat under each arm at a time. When in great haste to get farm work done, he has been known to harness himself to one of his own harrows. His weight was 336 pounds; height 6 feet, 6 inches; width, from shoulder to shoulder across the back, 30 inches. He was a most amiable man.

A Good Word for a Much-Abused Class.

[From the Boston Courier.]

That rather large portion of the fair sex to whom this expressive word is applied has never been properly appreciated. The world owes more to its shrews than it is aware of, probably; certainly more than it has ever acknowledged. To say nothing of the fact that men have undoubtedly made the same use of a scolding wife which has been suggested might be made of a dull and common-place sermon—as a means of cultivating the virtue of patience—it is beyond question that many of the greatest men who have ever lived have found a shrewish wife a fine stimulant to humor, a source of no little amusement, and, what is of far more importance to the world at large, an incentive to labor.

No man but Socrates, it has been said, could have lived with Xantippe, but even Socrates would hardly have been the man he was but for his sprightly wife. He took Xantippe, he was wont to say, after the example of jockeys, who that they may learn to break all sorts of horses, take first in hand the most skittish and mettlesome they can meet with. Having learned to put up with the humors of his first spouse, he felt convinced that the female sex could have no terrors for him, and that he could under all circumstances get along comfortably with all the world besides. Socrates was undoubtedly the greater philosopher for having met with Xantippe, and the world to the end of time will hold him in greater estimation as a wit and humorist. That good old joke of his about the thunder-clap and the rain would never have been made had Xantippe been a Desdemona or a Bianca. The lady, it will be remembered, gave vent to a volley of abuse and then threw a pot of water over him. Whereat the philosopher chuckled, and remarked that after such a thunder-clap it was bound to rain. And many another good thing Socrates has been credited with, all through his shrewish wife. It has been remarked as a somewhat surprising thing that such a domestic scold as Xantippe in no way interfered with the philosopher's studies and public services. But the surprising thing would have been if she had done so.

Many a man has been driven to his books and his business by a nagging wife far more effectively than by his sense of duty or the pressure of necessity. It was said that the unwearied devotion of business displayed by Lord Chief Justice Holt of England was to be attributed entirely to his aversion to his wife's conversational peculiarities, and another eminent judge—Judge Gilbert—gave to the world a good many first-rate law-books while shut up in Serjeant's Inn, where he was wont to take refuge from a scolding wife. Probably the labors of the indefatigable John Wesley would have been less incessant and energetic but for a virago of a wife, who made his home about the least pleasant of places for him.

It is true that the repelling power of a scolding wife does not invariably drive a man to books or business or itinerant preaching. Occasionally it happens that the shrill tongue and termagant blandishment of Fulvia drive Antony to find his pleasure "i' the East." It will happen, too, occasionally, that in other ways the Tartar, to use a homely phrase, is found to make a mess of it. The spitfire Lady Macbeth may by her vehement powers of tongue drive her husband to seek safety abroad in the world, but she may also drive the poor man into enterprise for which he has neither relish nor capacity. Possibly there are other ways in which lady Tartars, or Tartaric ladies, exert influences not altogether beneficial. Curiously enough, the legal profession appears to have been peculiarly liable to the blandishments of the too spirited fair ones—the prematrimonial blandishments, that is to say. Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield was a notable instance. "Ye've mickle to complain o', mon," snapped out his lordship when his butler came to say he really could not stand his mistress' temper any longer, and must give notice of his intention to leave, "you may be thankfu' y're not married to her." It was, we believe, this same unlucky lawyer who chanced to be on the bench in a Scotch court in which the judges who are not present when they should be or do not forward a valid excuse are fined, and when

Earthquake and Tidal Wave in South America.

[Correspondence of Boston Daily Advertiser.]

VALPARAISO, May 30, 1877. A few days before the event I am about to narrate took place, the volcanic mountain of San Pedro and San Pablo were observed to be sending forth high in air, from their lofty peaks, flames, stones and ashes. At night the reflected light illuminated the heavens, at times giving a reddish glare to the passing and overhanging clouds, and would gradually disappear. Now and then a glimmering, whitish light would brightly be reflected from some sudden bursting forth of the flames at the crater's mouth, and with these frequent changes the night would pass away. Daylight gave an appearance of a dense, smoky cloud hanging high above and around the volcano. At the foot-hills of these mountains ranges were situated the cities of Calama, San Pedro and Chui-chui, all of which were laid with the dust and destroyed a brief period after.

Wednesday, the 9th day of May, 1877, was remarkable for the extreme heat and suffocating atmosphere--a cloudy day. In the evening at 8:30, without any announcement by the usual rumbling, underground sound preceded an earthquake, the earth began to shake, slightly at first, and then gradually increased in strength. For the space of three minutes the motion of the earth's surface was undulating, rocking and uplifting; it was distinctly felt from Callao, Peru, along the coast of Bolivia to Valdivia, in the southern portion of Chili, its central point of action and force being in Bolivia. Upon the first commencement of the shake the startled populace of the many different seacoast cities hurried forth from their dwellings and found themselves scarcely able to maintain their foot-hold on the public streets; some there were who fell upon their hands and knees.

The darkness of the night, the grinding of the walls of the buildings one against the other, the crushing, breaking cracking sound of timber, the tumbling down of walls and clouds of dust flying about, the crash of household goods, crockery, glassware, &c., as they fell, the ringing of the church and the other bells with the sway of the earth,—these, together with the cries of despair and shrieks of women and children, mingled with the loud prayers for mercy, were but a slight portion of the horrors of the passing moments. With diminished force for hours after, shake after shake occurred; and, to add to the misfortunes of many of the cities, flames broke forth from the ruined houses, bidding fair to destroy the little that remained in condition after the heavy earthquake.

Bravely the men contended with the new enemy, which was fast gaining the upper hand. The blazing flames as they shot upward were seen miles away at sea on shipboard. The light of the conflagration upon the jagged, shapeless ruins of buildings in the backgrounds, and the reflection of the flames upon the passing forms, the scared, pale faces of the women as they hastily passed to and fro, hunting some dear one or anxious for the welfare of relatives and friends, gave perhaps a faint picture of the "last day." Amidst such sad and gloomy scenes the cry broke forth and was repeated from every side, "the tidal wave!" Men gave up in perfect despair, and with the women and children, intent on self-preservation, they sought, maddened with affright, the steep hillsides for safety. Mothers were separated from their children, husband from wife, everything was confusion confounded; the sick arose from the places in which they had been left in fancied security, and they too rushed onward with the rest, many of them perishing in the attempt. The sounds of fear, terror and grief resounded on all sides. Men and women acted as though mad and bereft of thought and reason. The panic was at its full height.

The sea gradually left the shore, and, falling back for at least on ,third of a mile, as if to gain strength and velocity for its fearful coming leap, rising sixty feet in height it advanced, boiling, rolling and tumbling over and over, with a deafening noise, bearing all before it in its course; vessels, some of them, sank in its embrace and were never seen again: others clung to their anchorage and for a time were buried in the wave, were lifted up, and in safety swaying from side to side settled at last in smooth water; many were dragged and hurried to the land, where they were dismantled or broken in pieces. The tidal wave, gaining in force, and power with its onward rolling motion, seemed striving for the final struggle, and running its fearful course it soon entered the thrice doomed cities, putting out the flames of the burning buildings and raising a dense column of smoke and steam. In receding the wave took with it all that remained undestroyed by the former calamities.

With the appearance of daylight was discovered the wreck of what a few hours before had been flourishing cities, a desolate waste. An industrious, thriving people were now homeless, and soon to suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst, of ruin and despair. The beach was strewn with the wrecks of their property, and the sea had destroyed their provisions. For five days the tidal waves arose and fell, growing each day less in force. It is supposed to be the most disastrous wave ever experienced on this coast, and to have been caused by a subterranean earthquake under the sea, and connected with the volcano of San Pedro.

Cities and towns have been ruined, some of them never to be rebuilt in all probability. Among the places which have suffered in more or less degree are; Callao, Pisagua, Iquique, Arica, Cobija, Calama, San Pedro, Pisco, Chui-Chui, Tambo de Mora, Mollendo, Pabillon de Pica, Punto de Lobos, Huanillos, Tocopillo, Mejillones de Bolivia, Antofogasta, Constitucion, Taena. Many of the mines have been sunk or badly injured, and the losses sustained by the people are incalculable. The Carmen mine fell out of plumb and buried thirty-five miners and an overseer in its ruins. The trading steamers of the coast took deckloads of suffering women and children to Coquimbo and Valparaiso, where they were cared for by a liberal, charitable people, and the Chili government, immediately upon the receipt of information of the state of affairs along the coast, sent men-of-war steamers loaded with clothing, provisions and water for the relief of the suffering.

Captain Potts of the English steamer Coquimbo was one of the first to reach the worst scenes of the disaster, and bears with him from all parts of the coast the highest praise for his humanity and kindness. He distributed food and water, and promptly refused passage on board his steamer to any but women and children, and he brought to Coquimbo all his vessel could hold. He was detained forty hours behind his time in the cause of humanity.

The following is related by a captain of a vessel on the coast: "At the time of the shock his wife was playing the piano, "Home, sweet home;" his two daughters were present singing the song. They ran up the companionway on deck, and a few moments later the tidal wave left the vessel broadside on to the incoming current. The heavy roller struck and broke the vessel into pieces, and all were left at the mercy of the sea. The captain, an expert swimmer, endeavored to assist his family, but was prevented by the Chinese servant seizing him by the arm. To free himself in the excitement of his situation he was compelled to strangle the Chinaman. The object completed, he found his whole family had disappeared from sight, and his life was saved by floating on a part of the wreck. This is one of the many occurrences on this coast. A. L.

The Kennebec Journal warns the public against a bummer named James M. Pelton, alias Stimpson, alias Smith, professing to hail from Belfast. He wears soldiers clothes, but may be depended upon as being a bummer, who is trying to make money in that meanest of all ungodly ways—a profession of piety. It is reported that he is a much married man, having several wives.

Annie Louise Cary summers at her home in Durham, Me., with her sister, Mrs. Merrill. Her diamonds and other valuables are placed in the Safe Deposit Vault in Portland for the summer vacation.

The Eastern War.

NEW YORK, July 14. Cable specials from Tiflis give the details of the defence and recapture of Bayazid, showing that the small garrison was cut off a month ago and surrounded by the Turks and Kurds numbering thirteen thousand. Constant vigilance and sleeplessness were aggravated by hunger and thirst and by swarms of flies. Volunteers daily made sorties to procure water outside the works, few of them returning, as a fierce fire of the Turks nearly destroyed them. They nevertheless refused constant demands to surrender. Meantime Gen. Tergukasoff was marching to their relief and was obliged to stop on the way to succor helpless women and children fleeing from the butchery of the Bashi Bazouks and Kurds.

On the 9th of July the little garrison at Bayazid descried the Russian advance in the distance, and immediately opened a strong fire on the Turks to distract their attention. The Russian advance soon came up and the Turks at first held them in check, both parties fighting fiercely, but finally they drove the Turks in every direction and at the close of the day the brave defenders were relieved by their comrades.

ENGLAND'S ATTITUDE.

It is stated that the Marquis of Salisbury has tendered his resignation from the English Cabinet. The English provincial liberal journals fiercely oppose interference in the war, and advise letting Russia occupy Constantinople.

LONDON, July 14. A despatch dated Berlin, says that German settlers in Dobrudscha are seriously suffering from the war. The German Government has complained to Russia and the Turks of their ill treatment by soldiers.

LONDON, July 14. The position in Asia Minor is tolerably clear. Mukhtar Pasha is at Kars with about 40,000 men all told, including the Kars garrison. Gen. Melikoff is at Zarin with about 35,000 men, but superior to the Turks in cavalry and artillery. The garrison of Batoum has made no important movement as far as reported since Aklobschia retired. The Russians are still at Ardahan, the Turks having withdrawn all troops from the Montenegro frontier. Prince Nicholas is preparing to besiege Niesic again.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 14. Gen. Tergukassoff reports that he found the town of Bayazid destroyed and the atmosphere so infected from dead bodies that it was impossible to remain in the place.

From the scene of the insurrection it is reported that the Russians have resumed the offensive. Gen Alkhasoff marched July 13 from Tokneli to Tharvatchli on the right bank of Galigsi and drove the enemy from their entrenched position, forced them behind Mokua and occupied Goum. (Note—Goum is about 20 miles north of Eukum Kaleh.

PARIS, July 12. It is stated that Austria intends to propose meditation as soon as the decisive action of either belligerent has clearly defined the military situation. The Temps' Vienna special says that Count Andrassy has made representations at Bucharest and Belgrade with a view of causing Servian territory to be respected.

LONDON, July 15. Two Constantinople correspondents concur in the following: "Hobart Pasha had a long interview with the Sultan yesterday, who gave him permission to command an expedition to the Black Sea with complete liberty of action."

What a Foolish Girl's Falsehood Caused.

SHARON, PA., July 2. One of the most tragic occurrences that ever happened in this region of the country, and one that forever blights the happiness of two of the wealthiest and most respected families in Sharon, occurred here yesterday morning. William Bell, Esq., an honored and inoffensive citizen aged about sixty years, was driving along State street in a light wagon, containing a small load of scrap-iron. The noise caused by the clattering of the iron frightened a fractious horse which was being driven by Miss Kate McGilvery, daughter of Wm. McGilvery who is also one of the rising citizens of this locality. Miss McGilvery requested Mr Bell to stop the wagon a short time to enable her to drive ahead that her horse might not run away with her. Mr. Bell, being infirm with age and being quite deaf, did not at once comply with her request, but finally heard her and stopped his animal, whereupon Miss McGilvery drove ahead, arriving at home.

Misunderstanding Mr. Bell's actions, she told her father that Mr. Bell had tried to frighten her horse. Mr. McGilvery, being very impetuous, at once became angry, and went down the street to find Mr Bell. He met him in front of Stewart & Roder's grocery-store and, without warning, knocked the latter clean over over a vegetable stand and through the front window of the store, cutting several severe gashes about his head and injuring him, though not seriously, otherwise. Mr. Bell was taken to his residence and cared for. There his son, Richard Bell, a very much respected young man, aged about thirty-two years, heard of the affray, and became so incensed at McGilvery's unprovoked assault that he started out immediately to find him, vowing vengeance every step of the way. He laid in wait at the very store where the attack occurred for three hours before McGilvery came along. He was importuned by friends not to do any bodily injury to McGilvery, and finally promised not to do so, but when the latter came along young Bell's anger overcame his better intentions. Picking up a two-pound brass apothecary's weight, he hurled it with great force at McGilvery's head. The weight striking just above the right temple, the concussion fractured the skull. Mr. McGilvery was taken home insensible, and shortly afterward went into convulsions. For a time it was thought that he would recover, but last night he sank gradually, and died this morning at five o'clock.

The family of the deceased are heart-broken over the fatal termination. The innocent cause of the affair, Miss Kate—who is a lovely young lady aged seventeen years—has lost her reason, though it is hoped that it will prove but a temporary derangement. The Bell family are likewise plunged in the deepest grief by the calamity that has befallen them. Richard Bell, the young man who committed the murder, bears an unblemished reputation in every way, and is generally known as a young man of business and social qualifications.

At the *post mortem* examination this morning it was found that death resulted directly from the blow. The Coroner's Jury therefore returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death at the hands of Richard Bell, and with malice afore-thought. Public opinion over the sad affair is much divided, some thinking Bell was justified in resenting the insult to his father, and others to the contrary; but all unite in an unrestricted expression expression of sympathy for the two unfortunate families. Bell is now in custody.

Gen. Howard, with 400 men, by a forced march overtook the Indians 300 strong posted in a deep canon, near the mouth of the Cottonwood river, and opened fire at once with a howitzer, which started them from their position, and the battle began in good earnest. The Indians formed in ravines and behind rocks, and fought bravely for seven hours and were then forced to retreat. Our men had to approach through an open table land. The Indians lost thirteen killed and quite a number wounded, and much camp baggage. Gen. Howard lost Capt. Bancroft, Lieut. Williams wounded, eleven men killed and twenty-nine wounded. Gen. Howard is elated with his success, and declares that as soon as Green comes up with reinforcements that he will make thorough work of the Indians. Gen. McDowell's aide-de-camp, an experienced officer who was present in the fight, regards the engagement as an important success, and says that nothing can surpass the vigor of Gen. Howard's movements. Joseph's band recently overtook a party of thirteen Chinamen and wantonly killed all but one, who escaped.

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Building Associations.

The legislature of Maine has often given lessons to the deliberative assemblies of other States by its advanced legislation, and we are glad to chronicle that it was a little ahead of the Massachusetts "General Court" in passing, at the last session, the act authorizing co-operative fund and loan associations—more commonly known as building associations. The same act has recently passed in Masssachusetts, after having been fought for two years by the savings banks and trust companies. This is an act which gives the industrial classes the facilities for obtaining Independent Homes. There is nothing chimerical or empirical about the plan. The institutions of building associations has been long tested in Pennsylvania, there these organizations have existed since 1840, and the results have been so favorable that it is no exaggeration to say that the workingmen of Philadelphia, who have erected 78,000 houses for their own occupancy by means of these associations, are the best housed laboring population in the world. In all the magnificent spectacle at the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, there was nothing more gratifying to the lover of mankind than the thousands of humble homes in the great city itself. A work has been going on in Philadelphia during the last half century which is quite unique and exceptional in the history of large cities; and this work has been the acquisition by the laborious classes of homesteads in their own right, to an extent unknown anywhere else in America,—and this all as a result of the building associations.

The leading idea of the plan is, that the money ordinarily paid by a laboring man for rent, is paid to secure him the ownership, in fee, of the house in which he resides; it has been illustrated as follows: "A tenant hiring a house at $15 per month will pay his landlord $180 per year or $1800 in ten years, while the same money paid to a building association of which he is a member, will *buy* the same house, or at least the greater part of it in from eight to ten years." In Philadelphia there are some 500 building associations, whose capital is at least five times greater than that of all the national banks in that city, combined. There is scarcely a workingman in the "City of Brotherly Love" who is not a member of one or two of these associations; and those who do not own their own homes have at least a pecuniary interest, through these societies, in the homes of their neighbors, and are thus landlords in prospective. In a recent article on this subject the Hon. Loring Blodget well says,—"To inspire self-respect, to sustain independence and to insure morality and social order, the separate house and family are indispensable, at least to the great body of the people."

The facility of creating what may be called first mortgages payable by monthly instalments, secured by the house in which the member of the association lives, is the greatest of all possible facilities for house-buying. How the people of Philadelphia have availed themselves of such facilities may be seen from the fact—that the sum of $50,580,000 has passed through similar associations into real estate in that city, from 1849 to 1876. It is estimated that $7,672,000 was paid into and invested by them in 1875. There were in that year 450 active associations in that city, with 67,500 stockholders and members, or over one-fifth of the number of persons having occupations in Philadelphia. These associations appear to be almost like societies of brothers, united by love, science and labor. There is no need to point out how much better this state of affairs is than in other large cities where the great body of mechanics live in hired houses, with the expectation that they are to "move on," like the poor fellow in one of Dickens' novels, whenever the exactions of a landlord so dictate. Such a condition of things marks a great advance in social science. It is encouraging to know that the world grows, at least in some sections, in the endeavor to ameliorate the condition of its inhabitants without regard to class distinctions. It is a sentiment unknown, or at most not acted upon, by the ancients. At Pompeii there have not been found traces of a single building devoted to the relief of distress, whether of mind or of body. No hospital ever opened its haven of refuge to the sick poor. For such things and for the principle which gives rise to them, we look in vain to the hard civilization of Roman society. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that there have not been found evidences of that wretchedness and extreme poverty which pertain to most of the large cities of modern times. The efforts of the past were directed toward improving the conditions of specific classes of men. Thus Numa Pompilius instituted Colleges of Builders as early as the year 715 B. C., but these were as well religious societies as fraternities of artisans. Rebold in his admirable History of Free Masonry in Europe says of these early Builders, "They had their own worship and their own organization, based upon that of the Dyonisian priests and architects. Besides the exclusive privilege of constructing the temples and public monuments, they had a judiciary of their own, and were made free of all contributions to the city and State." Vitruvius, the only ancient writer upon the science of architecture whose works have reached our times, depicts the humanitarian doctrines which go hand in hand with the material objects of the fraternity, and which, enveloped in allegories and illustrated by symbols, formed the basis of the teachings of these ancient Colleges of Builders. These doctrines were all for the benefit of a single class of men.

But to return to the modern and more catholic building associations of our own day. They are not for large cities alone. Any number of persons not less than twenty-five, can, by complying with the conditions mentioned in the statute, obtain a charter from the Secretary of State on the payment of $5. By-laws determine the number, title and compensation of the officers, but no member is entitled to more than one vote. The mode of keeping the books, is particularly detailed in the statute. The shareholders consist of non-borrowers and borrowers. Non-borrowers are those who take shares with no immediate expectation of availing themselves of loans. They take them simply as an investment. It is stated on good authority that in Philadelphia, where the responsibility of these corporations is well established, very large sums in the aggregate are thus invested. The borrowers are persons of moderate means who obtain a loan upon the estimated value of their shares. The money is loaned on what is estimated a low value to persons who wish to become owners of their houses by periodical payments in lieu of rent, relying at first on the interest that the house-holder shall have to continue his payments in order to secure his home. In the space of one newspaper article we cannot elucidate the whole matter, but perhaps the meaning may be made more plain by stating that a man pays for his money by a bonus and interest at 6 per cent, and that he borrows it of his fellow shareholders, and receives back his proportion of the profits in the final adjustment.

There is no reason why a system that has been so successful in Pennsylvania should not be equally so in Maine, or in any other state where it may be introduced. When it is, perhaps we may see brought to pass, in a measure at least, that happy condition which Kate Stanton used to lecture about—the Abolition of Poverty.

Water Again.

The citizens of Belfast are in most respects as forecasting and provident as any others—as ready to seize upon opportunities to improve their condition, and as prompt to guard against dangers as the citizens of other places. And it passes comprehension that they can be so indifferent to the greatest danger to which they are exposed—that of conflagration.

We are now in the midst of a severe drouth. The roofs of wooden buildings are as dry as tinder—and this class of structures are mingled with more substantial ones in just the right proportion to allow fire to make a sweep in the direction of the wind. The city has two good hand fire engines. But the public reservoirs are nearly dry of water. In this condition of our so called provision against that most destructive of all elements, fire, there has only to occur an accidental or designed fire anywhere in the north-western portion of the city during a strong wind—and good bye to the larger part of Belfast. There would be no salvation for us.

This indifference to our great danger would not be so strange if we did not know by sad experience the inflictions of such a calamity. Twice has Belfast been devastated by fire, in consequence of this very lack of water. In October, 1865, a fire began at half past ten in the evening and raged until seven o'clock the next morning, consuming one hundred and twenty-five buildings, and inflicting a loss of two hundred thousand dollars. Says Williamson's History, "the tide was low, and THE RESERVOIRS WERE DRY."

After the great fire of 1865 there was some talk about better fire extinguishing facilities, and the introduction of water—and then we concluded to trust in luck, and went to sleep again. From that slumber there was a warm awakening on Sunday afternoon in August, 1873, when a fire, originating within a stone's throw of that of 1865, burned over an area of twenty acres, inflicting a loss of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was the old story of previous conflagrations—a dry time, and lack of water.

And here we are, after all these lessons, again in the midst of a drouth, as defenceless and helpless as ever—no heed given to the terrible warning—not an efficient step taken towards securing an adequate supply of water.

A private letter from Washington says: "In all my experience I never saw such hard times here. A dollar bill looks as big as a horse blanket. I see no prospect of a change for the better—at least not until Congress meets, and I don't know that that will improve matters. Caldwell, of Alabama, (ex-member) appears to be gaining ground for the clerkship of the next House, and I hope he may get it." Mr. Caldwell was a member of the 43d and 44th Congress, and is a man of ability and sterling integrity. His principal competitor is George M. Adams, of Kentucky, the present incumbent, upon whom devolves the duty of calling the next House to order, and of presiding until its organization is completed. There are other candidates in the field, but none of them have thus far developed much strength. There is still talk of an attempt to organize the House in the interest of Hayes, concerning which we are liable to hear more when the politicians gather at the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, a week or two hence.

The New York Sun charges that the immediate cause of the insanity and death of Horace Greeley was his treatment at the Tribune office immediately after the disastrous result of the Presidential election. It appears that an article appeared in the Tribune of November 7, 1872, which purported to come from his pen, but which was never written by him. This article was so gross and so utterly misrepresented Mr. Greeley's sentiments and feeling that he was shocked by it, and it caused him the most poignant distress. He immediately wrote a card repudiating the article, but the Tribune refused to publish it. At last Mr. Greeley realized that the doors of the Tribune office were closed against him. This, the Sun charges, made him insane. His almost last coherent words were: "The country is gone, the Tribune is gone, and I am gone.

The call for a Democratic State Convention, at Portland, Aug. 14th, will be noticed in to-day's paper. It includes Democrats "and all who sympathize with them." The Republican Convention will be held at Augusta on the preceding Thursday. The call is addressed to Republicans "and all others who propose to support the candidate of the Republican party in the pending election." The doors in each direction seem to be invitingly open for all who are hanging on the verge of the parties. This indicates a recognition of the fact that party obligations rest very lightly upon the members of the organizations, who feel that there is very little to contend about, and that people will vote pretty much as they please. Under the circumstances it will be difficult to rouse the enthusiasm for a fierce fight in this hot and drouthy summer—and those who do take a hand in the contest, may at the end wonder, like Little Peterkin, "what they killed each other for."

The United States cities have this year been free from riots springing from the parades of Orangemen, and the curse has fallen upon a Canadian city. The cessation of the broils on this side the line is probably due to the emphatic expression of public opinion that such disreputable conflicts will not be allowed. A feud which sprang from the sectarian and political conflicts of Ireland two hundred years ago is not a suitable tree to transplant to this country. We welcome foreigners, but not their hatred of each other. There are conflicts enough that belong to our soil to satisfy the most belligerent, without fighting over and over the Battle of the Boyne, or using revolvers on the 12th of July to determine whether William of Orange was of glorious or infamous memory.

The Waterville Mail and the Augusta Journal are having a lively discussion on the subject of rum. The Mail intimates that the Augusta firemen got drunk in that town on the Fourth on rum that they brought with them, and behaved badly. The Journal retorts that the trouble was Waterville liquor, that "rum was sold freely and without restraint. Any one who had the least appetite to drink, or desire to do so, had ample opportunity to indulge." The Journal further says that one of the chief officials of Waterville got stupidly drunk and had to be laid away. Good heavens! when the very saints of reformation get slinging at each other such accusations, what may be expected of the sinners?

It doesn't answer for politicians to assume too much, in these days of rapid communication. For instance, on the Fourth of July Mr. Blaine asserted in his speech that the Washington orders to Gen. Ord were aggressive, with a strong tendency in the direction of war. But in ten days there comes news from the city of Mexico that President Diaz is satisfied with President Hayes' orders to the United States troops, and will assist them in pursuing the marauders in Mexico.

The Boston Post says that Mrs. Celia C. Sliney of Newburyport, is about to commence a libel suit against The Word of Truth, a temperance paper, for having called her hotel, "one of the worst dens of iniquity and breathing holes of hell." Damages are laid at $10,000. Mrs Sliney is a native of Belfast.

"Is there great undiscovered mineral wealth in Maine?" asks the Portland Argus. Can't say how it may be in Cumberland, but the men who not long since opened a mine of pyrites in Searsmont, have retired—either on their profits or their experience.

Miss Jenny Davis has disappeared from Ellsworth, and the Citizen thinks she may have gone with Kidder Moore, a man who recently separated from his wife. The parents of Miss Davis are in great trouble about the matter.

Funny thing, that Secretary Sherman should be cruising in Penobscot bay along with the chief of the lighthouse board and the chief of the life saving stations, and be wrecked on White Head.

The London circus disturbed Farmington by arriving on the Sabbath. One clergyman requested any of the members of his church who intended to go to the show the next day to call on him and get a dismissal first.

It would surprise our readers to learn that the clergyman himself went—on a free ticket.

Gray, the pirate captured at Bucksport, is in jail at Portland, awaiting trial. The Press says—

Deputy Sheriff Parker of Bath, was in town yesterday to interview Gray, the coast pirate. He is wanted in Bath when Portland gets through with him.

We noticed tame cherries at Alder's Saloon the other day. [Dexter Gazette.

Hope you don't get the colic from them, and exclaim, like the solitary Selkirk, "their tameness is shocking to me."

Spanish cruisers have on two occasions outrageously interfered with United States whaling ships near the Cuban coast. The Dons must stop that, or there will be trouble.

Sambo puts on airs when he gets a chance. In the negro republic of Liberia no white man is allowed to become a citizen or to own land.

In digging for a reservoir at Oldtown, last week, a small quanity of gold was found, and everybody speedily went wild about it.

They have arrested in New York a man who has been engaged in counterfeiting the bank notes of Brazil.

A misplaced buoy got the cutter Grant ashore at White Head. Glad 'twasn't a girl.

Camden is very proud of its new post office, fitted up with patent boxes.

[From the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.]

Hon. Ben Hill, one of the United States Senators from Georgia, reached this city Saturday afternoon on his way to the White Sulphur Springs. He was asked, "What do you think of the speeches of Chamberlain and Blaine, made at Woodstock, Conn., on the 4th of July?"

Mr. Hill. The speeches of Chamberlain and Blaine simply indicate what I did not doubt—that the politicians who desire to keep alive sectional passions and antagonisms for their own personal advantages will make war on the administration. As against such assailants it is the plain duty of all patriots to sustain the administration. By the way, let me suggest: I think the papers ought to cease speaking of the President's "Southern policy." He has no such policy. He has only a *constitutional* policy, as thus far applied to the South. The South only wants a constitutional policy.

How Iowa Appears.

MOULTON, IOWA, June 30.

DEAR JOURNAL—A perusal of your last has inspired me to tell you something of our western country and life. Iowa has rapidly advanced in the last decade, until she is now one of the first States in the Union. We live near the line in the south west part, and consider this one of the finest localities in the State. Living in a depression, if there can be much of a depression in rolling prairies, we are always provided with an abundance of rain, and this season have had so much wet weather, that farmers began to get discouraged, and complain of hard times and a prospect of poor crops. But nevertheless, much corn has been planted, and a good yield is confidently expected. Corn is planted year after year on the same ground, and always produces abundantly. Forty acres are considered as sufficient for a man to attend to with one pair of horses. So farmers hire hands on that scale, a man for every forty.

Corn is planted with a patent planter, and very evenly, that it may be plowed both ways. For instance I can see a man now plowing his corn from east to west; when he has finished it that way, he will plow north and south, thus hilling up the corn and removing weeds from both sides. There are about 100 acres in that field, and it will be a glorious sight in autumn.

This prairie is very fertile, and is generally considered as grand scenery. But I do not appreciate its beauties. Born among the rugged hills of New England, this tame level land has no charm for me. It is ever the same. The sky comes down to meet it at the same distance in all directions, and the monotony is not broken by a single elevation or depression. Rocks are almost unknown, and no small stones annoy the farmer in his labor.

A western city is very interesting to one unaccustomed to the sight. Moulton, containing only one thousand inhabitants, has a city government, and is a thriving little place. We have three churches, a woolen mill, five hotels, furniture shops, stores &c. in abundance, and last but not least a newspaper. The method of conducting a newspaper here is quite novel. The first and fourth pages are "patent," being printed at St. Louis, and thus the editor knows nothing of what will appear in that part of his paper. He has only the second and third pages to bother with, and if any fault is found, the editor respectfully refers the grumbler to the "patent-back" from St. Louis.

It is very hot here. There is generally a breeze from the south-west, but to-day there is hardly a breath. The "chickens," a western term including all in the hen family, from the aged crower to the little chick just coming from the shell, sit in the shade and gasp for breath. Everybody is in the shade that can get there, and heat is supreme. Thunder clouds roll up in the west and soon we shall have a refreshing shower.

The town is full of people to-day, though, and everybody is busy. The stores, little one story buildings, are full of farmers, and doing lots of trading. Groceries and dry goods are kept together, in the same store, and one may buy most anything, from a bit of lace for his wife, to a string of onions for his dinner, at the same counter. Provisions are cheap here, and good living common. Flour $1.75 to $2.00 per sack; eggs 6½ cts. per doz.; sugar 10 to 12½ cts., &c., &c. Butter from 6 to 10 cts., but of poor quality. Most good butter is sent by the quantity to St. Louis, and there repacked for the eastern market. Meats are cheap, and good beefsteak 10 cents, mutton 5, ham 12, fresh pork 10. But the best part of western eating is the wild fruit. Blackberries, gooseberries, strawberries, grapes and plums grow wild in abundance, and may be had for the picking. But I believe I am leaving the subject, so will drop fruit for some future letter.

To-day, Saturday, is one of the days for farmers. Each one bundles his wife and baby into the farm wagon and comes to town, bringing butter and eggs, with such garden stuff as he happens to have. If he is not proud he comes without coat or vest, and some, very few though, come barefooted. I have seen a rough looking, barefoot man, whose wife wears linsey and a faded sun-bonnet, come to town and deposit five hundred dollars in the bank. Of course all the wealthy ones do not go looking quite as slovenly as they were, but the few who buy buggies and nice clothes are far between and few of them in a place. A general disregard of appearance prevails, and one may dress like the Wandering Jew, if he choose. The girls like to look fine, and buy bright ribbons and dresses, but their shoe-strings hang about their feet; and that article of dress so necessary to keep their hose in place is generally omitted. But I do not wish to convey the idea, that western people are ignorant and unenlightened. On the contrary I venture the assertion, and without fear of successful contradiction, that Iowa, and more particularly southern Iowa, is far ahead of any other section of the Union in her educational work. Every district of two miles square contains a school-house, and each county a normal school. Her youth are being educated in the right direction, and when they shall arrive at maturity will surely exert an influence for good. Hospitality and good nature characterize this people. A stranger is sure of welcome, because he is a stranger. Western hospitality is proverbial. Indeed, where nature is so lavish of her gifts, how can man do other than follow her example? In the early spring, nature covers the prairies with rich verdure, brightened with flowers of all colors and varieties. The wild morning glory, indigo violet, rose and lilies grow spontaneously and profusely. With little care and labor, a flower-garden may be filled with bright blossoming flowers all the year.

Already the vines begin to darken my room, and soon will need trimming. Our dining room is beneath the shade of a grape vine, which is nicely trellised, and in the fall we may take our dessert from the vine. One may almost live out of doors here in the summer, and enjoy what nature has fashioned. But nature says to me that I am tired, so I will conclude my letter and bid you good morning. MAE.

Miss Lizzie Peck was walking on the beach at Bullock's Point, Thursday, with one female and two male companions, when the fire from her young man's cigar communicated to her light clothing which blazed so rapidly that before her clothes could be torn off her lower limbs were shockingly burned. Her injuries may prove fatal.

Brig Helen A. Holmes, which arrived at Boston from Smyrna, reports, February 18th, on outward passage, lost overboard the mate, Charles F. Waters. He belonged in Deer Isle, Me.

Generalities.

The Cabinet has agreed upon Bayard Taylor as Minister to Russia.

Charles S. Craig, of Farmington, aged 52 years, hung himself Sunday night.

Thieves broke into the Camden lockup the other night and stole ten gallons of rum.

Professor James Russell Lowell sailed from Boston Saturday, for his new post as minister to Spain.

Dr. Issachar Snell, formerly of Augusta, died in Chicago, Friday morning, while sitting in his chair.

One man was killed last week, and several have been injured, by the falling of walls among the St. John ruins.

Miss Kate Kelley, a young lady of Decatur, Ill., was stung in the mouth by a bee recently, and died in eight minutes.

Of the one hundred and fifteen candidates for admission to West Point, fifty five passed and sixty one were rejected.

Of the fifty-five lime kilns in Rockland but twelve are now in operation in consequence of the depression in business.

A Frenchman in Farmington arose in his sleep Tuesday night and fell from his chamber window, breaking one of his legs.

A Niagara Falls letter says that the season is dull and hotel keepers bankrupt, caused by misrepresentation and extortion.

A child of Mr. John Clark, of Ellsworth, about 2 years of age, fell into a pail of hot water and died from injuries received.

Two men were arrested at the Parker House, Boston, with a trunkful of stolen vanilla beans. They are worth $12 a pound.

Bob Ingersoll is having a lively time in San Francisco lecturing against Christianity, and being answered by the clergymen.

The governor of New York refuses to interfere in the case of Penwell, to be hanged in Elmira, Friday the 20th, for the murder of his wife.

Col. W. E. Hadlock and his brother have purchased a large tract of land at Mt. Desert, and propose to start a sheep ranch on a large scale.

Nineteen times within the last hundred years the Russian forces have crossed the Danube with hostile intent, without including the present crossing.

A Baltimore belle, just from Vassar College, when told by the waiter that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed, "What has happened to the goose?"

Schooner Mary, of Dennysville, coal laden, was sunk Saturday morning by collision with steamer Eleanora, off Eaton's Neck. Three persons were drowned.

Several circuses this year pay no wages to ordinary laborers. Work is so scarce that men are willing to work for board alone, the privilege of travel being also an incentive.

Richard Furbush, a carpenter on Beacon street, Waltham, died Friday afternoon of hydrophobia. He was bit on the lip about a month ago by a dog which was presented to his son.

Almost the last one of the Black Hills party from Skowhegan arrived home Friday. Universally they tell a doleful story of their adventures and the hard prospects of those regions.

The extensive tannery of John Ware of Athens, was burned Monday afternoon; loss between thirty and forty thousand. He was insured. The fire caught from the chimney burning out.

Elisha Piper, an old citizen of Parsonsfield, deceased last winter, left by will about $11,000, the interest of which goes to maintain a free high school, as near the center of the town as may be.

A Southern letter writer says the negroes in and about Charleston, S. C., are wild with excitement regarding emigration to Africa, and that movements tending to this result are already far in progress.

In the pursuance of an official letter from Attorney General Devens, the United States Marshal of Philadelphia has ordered all his deputies and Court officers to take no part in the management of political organizations.

In some parts of Vermont the grasshoppers are a much greater pest than the potago bugs. The fields literally swarm with them. Their ravages in the pastures make them look as if they were parched with a severe drouth.

The Maine Farmer from new data, has figured out that the farmers of Maine have planted 10,300 acres more than usual, and that the extra corn crop thus secured may be valued at $166,366, and the extra potatoes at $674,000.

The hailstorm that swept over Adams Centre, N. Y., and neighborhood last Tuesday, caused a loss of more than $100,000. Some of the hail stones were sharp, square pieces of ice, three inches wide and four inches long.

The firm of P. M. and B. Hall, lumbermen, at Ellsworth, have failed; liabilities estimated at $75,000; about one-half secured. Assets available for unsecured creditors merely nominal. The failure causes much financial distress on Union River.

Four seamen of the brig C. C. Sweeney, of Harrington, Maine, are imprisoned at Havre, France, awaiting transportation to this country for trial on the charge of murdering the mate of their vessel shortly after she started, early last month from Havre to New York.

James M. Corbet and Charles V. Taylor, are pirates that have been operating along the Maine coast of late. They were arrested the other day in Portland and taken to Gardiner, where they were bound over till August on charge of stealing a yacht from Gardiner.

WALTHOROGO, July 11. Alden Jackson, aged sixty-seven, died this morning of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Mr Jackson was Secretary of State in 1854, 1855 and 1857, and deputy secretary of State for several years. He was one of our most respected citizens, and a man of unblemished integrity.

When you see a church member in good standing buying a fishing pole Saturday evening, and being very particular to secure one that comes apart in two feet joints, it makes one feel sad and long for the time to come when there will be less deception in this checkered life. [Kennebec Reporter.

A fearful tornado, accompanied with hail as large as hen's eggs, swept over Montague township, Sussex county, N. J., seven miles from Port Jervis, Monday. Buildings were unroofed, and the crops and vegetables completely destroyed. The storm lasted nearly an hour, doing untold damage in that section.

Excelsior Engine No. 2 of Auburn, has challenged Triumph No. 1 of Biddeford to play a horizontal stream through 200 feet of hose, for $125. The Triumph won the first prize of second class machines at the Biddeford muster. The Triumph have replied, offering to play for $500, and naming Saco as the place.

At Stockbridge quite a serious accident occurred at the button factory on the 2d. Mrs. My

Dog days commence next Wednesday.

The revenue flag now floats daily from the Custom House.

One by one the disappointed and disgusted Black Hillers arrive home.

A company of Old Town Indians are encamped below the Sanford wharf.

Green apples are in the market at a cent apiece, with the gripes thrown in.

The yacht Fleur de lis of the Boston squadron, was in our harbor on Monday.

A new hand is ringing the city bell. There is room for improvement in his style.

The present new moon has a rain-promising droop to its nether horn. Let it come.

Leonard Snow of Winterport this season in two weirs in three days time caught 21 large salmon.

String beans are abundantly strung about the markets, and ripe and mealy new potatoes can be had.

The industrious house fly now rises early and stays up late, engaged in the strict line of his business.

Business for Boston packets is exceedingly dull at present, and some have hauled up until times are better.

The lemon vender was ordered off the streets on Wednesday by direction of the mayor. He had a fearful voice.

This is the kind of weather when bears are abundant, and corn can be heard to grow all through the stilly night.

The season of later fruits has come, when the charming young lady you meet smiles with a suspicion of blueberries on her lips.

The Baptist society had a sociable and picnic supper in Mathews Bros'. new storehouse on the corner of Cross and Pearl streets.

That pair of crows have had their necks wrung or been conveyed to more suitable pasturage, and peace reigns in the neighborhood.

The foggy and muggy weather of the first of the week ended on Tuesday night with slight showers. Wednesday was as bright and dry as ever.

The Universalist society will make their annual excursion to Ryder's Cove, on Tuesday next, on steamer May Queen. Good music will be furnished for the occasion.

Hazeltine & Bickford have loaded sch. Mary G. Ireland with ice for Norfolk, and the sch. Fannie A. Edith has chartered to load granite at City Point for New York.

Del. Conant, of this city, is running the machinery at Tilden's Canning establishment at Castine. Large quantities of clams, lobsters, blueberries, &c., of excellent quality, are put up there.

The mayor has ordered the city marshal not to allow pedlers of any description to sell their wares upon the streets. He holds that it is an injustice to our local dealers who pay rents and taxes.

One morning last week, at the early hour of two of the clock, a band of vocalists promenaded Church street, singing anthems. They had arisen a little early for the pursuit of mackerel, and thus whiled away the lagging hours.

The Belfast military company has acted upon a circular from the adjutant general, and has voted to go into camp for six days on four days' pay. It will be on the occasion of the annual general muster, which will probably be held in Augusta next month.

Frank Seekins, of Swanville, was lodged in jail on Saturday for drunkenness. He was subsequently released by informing the officers where he procured his liquor. He divulged the names of three parties in this city, who may be brought to an account before long.

Schr. Ralph Howes, Ryder, from Baltimore, at Georgetown, S. C., reports, while attempting to run into Georgetown harbor recently without a pilot, ran ashore in the breakers at 4 A. M., and lost an anchor. She was subsequently boarded by a pilot, who got the vessel off.

On Monday the thermometer marked 90, being the hottest day of the season. But during the following night the wind shifted to the east, and a gray fog sailed in, enveloping everything in its fleecy folds, condensing on trees and sending pattering drops to the ground. During Tuesday the mercury ranged fifteen degrees lower.

We are informed on reliable authority that a married man, in Northport, nearly fifty years of age, recently attempted to outrage a little girl six or seven years of age. The affair has been kept quiet, the parents of the little girl wishing to avoid publicity of the matter. Such a brute ought not to be screened, but made to suffer the penalty for such a beastly outrage.

The lemon vender who was ordered off the street Wednesday forenoon, reappeared in the afternoon, when his wagon and stock were seized by the city marshal. He procured counsel who informed him he had a right to sell, the mayor's order to the contrary, notwithstanding. He was regularly licensed by the commissioners. His cart was released and the selling resumed.

The advertisement of Flora Myers' entertainment in this city, evening of the 20th, will be noticed. Miss Myers is daughter of our former fellow citizen, John Myers, a lady who has an excellent reputation as a dramatist and manager. She ought to have a warm welcome here. Yankee Addams, so well known here twenty years ago, comes back once more, with his comicalities and side splitting jokes.

A copper box, ten inches long, six inches broad and six deep, has been prepared to be placed under the corner stone of the Masonic block. It will contain histories of the several Masonic bodies, the names of the principal officers of each since their organization, of the stockholders of the building association, of the city government, copies of the local papers, &c. The time of placing the stone in position has not yet been determined upon, nor whether the service will be general or local.

Recently a man in this city received a letter from an unknown party in Massachusetts, written in a familiar style and signed Ved. Among other things the letter stated that on a certain day two gallons of whiskey would arrive on the Boston steamer, directed to a certain name, and for his friend to look out for it. On the day specified the man went to the wharf, found the whisky and took it home with him. Now when the man and his friends raise their tumblers they breathe a prayer for the great unknown.

Attention is called to the furniture notice of J. C. Thompson & Son. They have just got settled in their new quarters, and have undoubtedly the largest store in town. Their stock is large and always of the latest styles, and their prices as low as the lowest.... Critchett & Francis make a reduction in the price of boots and shoes. A slightly imperfect lot at half price.... See notice of a sale of paintings at Searsport, commencing on Monday next.

The school houses in the central district are undergoing some repairs during vacation. A new floor, new seats, &c. have been placed in the lower grammar school room; the grammar school building has been reshingled; the partitions in the south primary school room have been changed making the recitation room larger; in the north primary the seats will be re-arranged and some new ones added. The repairs are being made agreeably to a vote passed at the annual school meeting.

SEARSPORT. On Friday forenoon a fire was discovered in the barn of Capt. Israel Clossen, and despite of all exertions all the buildings were destroyed. Loss about $1000, no insurance. Believed to have been the work of an incendiary.....Sch. Flora Condon has been loaded with ice by Pitcher Bros. of Belfast.....The Searsport House is rapidly filling with summer visitors.

UNITY. A sad accident occurred in this town on Thursday of last week. A young son of Crosby Fowler, County Commissioner, was riding a mowing machine and guiding the horses, when they became frightened, and ran away. The boy fell off forward of the cutter, when the knife passed over the boy's foot nearly severing it. It is thought the foot may have to be amputated.

MONTVILLE. The house and barn of Peter Stubbs, of South Montville, were entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday night of last week, together with all the new crop of hay, just harvested, besides one horse, two hogs, carriages, &c., and nearly all the household furniture. The fire broke out in the barn between nine and ten o'clock; its origin is unknown. The loss is $2,000, and is a severe one to Mr. Stubbs, as it nearly strips him of property. Partially insured.

Tom Paine's farm, consisting of about 150 acres of elevated, picturesque land, which was presented to Thomas Paine by the State of New York in recognition of his patriotic service during the revolutionary war, is the subject of litigation in a New York court.

What Unitarianism Is.

A full house gathered at Union Hall, Searsport, last Sunday, to hear from Rev. J. T. Bixby "What Unitarianism is." Mr. Bixby stated that Unitarians had no creed which all of its members were required to believe. But it had certain fundamental principles which were generally held, and which determined their views.

These principles were—1st. The duty of truth seeking and the right of free inquiry. 2d. Faith in reason and conscience, and the use of them as guides to truth. 3d. The duty of tolerance, sympathy and fellowship toward those that differ from us. 4th. The spiritual nature of true religion: that is, that religion does not consist in any profession, creed, form or special experience, but in sincerity and purity of heart, in the love and consecration of the spirit. 5th. The unchangeableness of moral and spiritual laws, the same in the future life as in this; the same for God as for man. 6th. Discipleship to Christ alone. Unitarians take as their spiritual authority not the Westminister Catechism, nor Institutes of Calvin, nor Anathasian creed, nor writings of Moses or Paul, but the words and life of Christ.

Through these six principles, Unitarians have come to certain commonly held views of religious questions. 1st. Unitarians look on God not as a Trinity of persons, but as One, not as an absolute Monarch, whose *wrath* we should flee from, but a Father whom we ought to love, as he loves all men, without respect of persons. 2d. Unitarians look on Jesus as Saviour, Mediator, Exemplar and Son of God; but not as God himself. 3d. Unitarians regard the Holy Spirit not as a separate person of the Godhead, but a name for the influence and action of the Heavenly Father in the hearts of men. 4th. The Bible contains the word of God; but every part of it is not infallible or equally profitable for religious instruction. 5th. Man is not totally depraved; but, on the contrary, has more good than evil in his nature. 6th. Salvation depends not on sound belief, nor on borrowing Christ's righteousness, but on a man's personal uprightness and goodness. 7th. Forgiveness of sin needs not the vicarious chastisement of Christ, but simply the sinner's sincere penitence and reformation. 8th. Unitarians regard Heaven and Hell, not as places to which souls are consigned at the Last Judgment, there to receive eternal bliss or misery; but as inward conditions of character, carrying their own happiness or pain continually with them. Every hour of eternity is a probation for the rest, and all souls shall some time, in the other life, if not here, repent and turn to God. These views Unitarians claim as at once rational, scriptural, in accordance with conscience and science, fitted for the most simple and the most cultured.

On July 29th Mr. Bixby will preach again at Union Hall, at the same hour.

The Orange and Catholic Riots in Montreal.

The 12th of July, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, was intended to be celebrated by a parade of the Orange Societies. But as much apprehension of riots was felt, the Orangemen were induced to forego their intentions. But it seems that individuals who were wearing the Orange colors on the street were attacked, one of whom was killed and others wounded.

About 1:30 two women were standing on Victoria square, one with an orange lily on her breast. The other snatched at the lily, and the women commenced to fight. A man tried to separate them. People gathered around. A fight ensued, and several shots were fired. The man who first interfered rushed into an adjoining store, where he was followed. Several parties endeavored to protect him and a further row took place, during which the man was shot three times in the temple, killing him instantly.

The following is an account of the proceedings to-day by an eye-witness: About 1:20 P. M. a shout went up in the neighborhood of a cab-stand on Craig street, and instantly there was a general rush made in that direction. A young man in gray clothes was seen running for shelter pursued by a large crowd of men and boys. When he got on the steps of Robert Dunn & Co.'s store he found the heavy doors partially closed. The leaders of the mob tried to pull him off the steps, nearly pulling his coat off. A young man, said to be a clerk in McMasters's store, rushed forward to protect him. One of the mob attempted to strike this young fellow, when he fired several shots in rapid succession. Almost at the same moment shots were fired at him by persons in the crowd. One struck him in the forehead, when he fell. While down other shots were fired at him. For what seemed quite a long time no one went to his assistance, and he lay bleeding on the sidewalk. A policeman soon arrived, and the wounded man was placed in an express wagon, a white handkerchief dropped over his face, and guarded by some policemen, he was borne away. A very painful feature of the affair was the behavior of the mob when a Protestant clergyman came up to offer prayer for the dying man. The reverend gentleman was rudely pushed back, and despite his remonstrances and the mute appeal of the upturned eyes of the poor victim, he was not allowed to approach, and so his soul passed away. The want of anything like provision for the maintainance of order was very generally remarked. The mob seemed to have been given complete control of the streets, which were filled with a surging, excitable crowd, evidently largely of persons longing for an outbreak. No attempt was made to disperse them. As the body of the unfortunate Hackett was being driven off from the scene where he fell, some of the inhuman roughs took off their hats and waved them with a triumphant air. A young man named J. R. Morrison, an employe of A. H. Sims & Co., has been bruised and beaten by the mob. The man who lost his life is named Thomas Celt Hackett, a travelling clerk for McKillop's commercial agency. He was an Orangeman and a member of the church of England. He had no regalia. He carried a revolver and fired a shot from Dunn's store after he was attacked.

Another eye-witness of the shooting affair in Victoria square gives the following: A crowd of Irishmen had been watching in Radegond street for a man who had taken refuge there after protecting a lady who had been insulted for wearing an orange lily. About twenty minutes later a young man dressed in light clothes, who went past from the house, is believed to be him, and, as he had an orange lily, the crowd rushed after him. When he got in front of the new building adjoining Glendenning's stores he endeavored to run into Fortification lane, but the crowd were too close, and then a gentleman interfered, stating that he would take the young fellow's part. At this the mob turned from the young man first pursued and attacked the other. The first man then got clear and rushed into Dunn's. The second endeavored to follow, but the mob was so close that those inside shut the door suddenly, and he was at the mercy of the mob. In this alarming position he drew his revolver and fired into them. The mob then began to fire, when two balls struck Hackett and he fell to the ground, and shortly after expired. The police subsequently cleared the square. The crowd is watching at the railway station in expectation of the Orange Young Britons' return from Cromwall, when they would get a warm reception. It is just announced that the boys will not return until to-morrow morning. The city is in a ferment.

Sherman's Tour.

ROCKLAND, Me., July 12. Secretary Sherman and party arrived here this afternoon on the United States steamer Iris, which went to meet the U. S. Grant after her accident last evening. The Grant struck on Lower Gangway Ledge, near Whitehead, knocking a hole in her bottom, and was run on the beach. She failed to get off to-day, but it is expected that she will be got off at the night tide and be towed to the city, where she will go on the marine railway for repairs. Secretary Sherman and party visited the limestone quarries this afternoon and reembarked at 6 o'clock. They will leave tomorrow on a visit to Granite Islands, and will then proceed to inspect the life-saving stations east of here.

A Noted Cracksman's Career.

NEW YORK, July 13. The career of the man Edson, who was concerned in the great burglary trial at Northampton this week, is a remarkable one. It appears that Edson, the secret agent of the cracksmen Scott and Dunlap, was the accredited travelling salesman of Messrs Herring & Co., the safe manufacturers of this city, and that he, in pursuance of his apparently legitimate business, went to different banks throughout the country, learning the weak points of bank safes in order to inform his "pals" of their condition.

The life of William D. Edson, the arch conspirator, has never been given to the public. He is a man of perhaps 42 years of age, strongly built, and about five feet six inches in height: his complexion is ruddy, eyes of light color, and he has iron gray hair, generally cut close, according to the prevailing fashion: a thick moustache, dyed black, covers his firm mouth. He always was noted for a restless gaze, scarcely ever being able to look a man in the face. He was generally reticent, never making a confidant among his business companions, and always seeming to be devoted to his family duties. In 1859 his father, a reputable shoe and leather merchant of Philadelphia, died, and young Edson was left the bulk of his fortune, as well as his business. The house was situated in Third street, near Market, in Philadelphia, and for a while the business prospered, some patents being added to the concern, which were generally considered to increase its revenues.

At this time Edson commenced to live a fast life. He bought trotting horses and was known on the road to Schuylkill Falls, as the possessor of some of the best trotting stock that made the dust fly between Broad street and the Wissahickon. Then he married, and his wife being a beautiful woman their mansion was crowded with those who admired the dash of the husband and the charms of his bride. It was suddenly whispered that Edson was in trouble and his house was in danger of failure. The crash came. Edson was a ruined man, and the citizens of the Quaker City knew him no more. The next heard of him was in connection with some domestic scandals. Edson's next venture was in New York, and here, it seems, he met with success in the house of Herring & Co., securing a position as an expert in locks and as travelling salesman for this firm. In this position he investigated and reported to Scott and Dunlap, the burglars, the weak points in all the banks and bank safes that he examined in his travels, and was found to be a most convenient accomplice for the robbers. He was able to take combinations of outer doors, make impressions in wax of locks, make note of extraordinary obstructions to safe breaking, and generally note the defences to burglarious attempts on banks and safe deposit companies.

It will readily be seen how valuable such an assistance as Edson's would be to the men who prey and fear not. The result was that the organizer and his accomplices divided a very large sum of money between them, and this was made apparent by the sumptuous manner in which Edson soon began to live. He left humble quarters and moved to a residence in West Fifty-second street, after removing from Forty-fourth street. The family lived respectably, and Edson, with all these sinister schemes in contemplation and execution, acted as a devoted husband and fond father. He drove out on the road every afternoon, and was reticent and modest to his companions. He made no particular display, and seemed to centre his thought in his family. Such was Edson's social position when, the mask being torn off, he stood in such an unenviable light before the world.

Gen. Ord's Instructions.

WASHINGTON, July 17. It can be stated on unquestionable official authority that the administration has made no modification of Gen. Ord's instructions nor have any propositions for modifying them been even considered. Advices received at the State Department from Minister Foster, dated nearly a week later than the official or unofficial report hitherto published, state that he called the attention of the Government of Gen. Diaz to the invasion of American soil by Mexican force, of Diaz's soldiers in pursuit of a body of Lerdo's adherents, and in reply received from the Diaz Government some very interesting assurances.

They admitted this act an infringement of the international law, promised it would be promptly investigated, and assured him they would make all due amends in accordance with requirements of international law. It is therefore evident the Diaz government will perceive that explanations are first in order from Mexico, she having made the first invasion.

Foster also reports that although there was a universal newspaper outcry of indignation when Ord's instructions were issued, they being variously construed as contemplating either direct annexation or a movement in favor of Lerdo, and at all events a hostile invasion of Mexican territory, yet a few days' reflection of the reception of additional news from the United States and the publication of statements on the subject led Mexican journals as well as the Diaz Government to adopt a more moderate tone.

A Sad Voyage.

Blaine
And Cham
Berlain
Went sailing over the main;
They wanted to blow,
With a tor-pe-do,
Ye Ship of State in twain.

Their sail,
T' inhale
Ye gale,
Was spread, a Tribune wide,
And on they flew,
As sailors do—
Ye haze and fogs defied.

Blaine
And Cham
Berlain,
They sank their machine one day,
But ye Ship of State,
Quite ob sti-nate,
Sailed round by another way.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Five persons in a team attempted to cross the railroad at Wendell Station near Greenfield, Mass., when an engine struck them killing Jim Davis, Mrs. Josiah Davis, Mrs. Jim Wakefield, Miss Nellie Laccey and Mrs. Eugene Brown, Mrs. Brown lived an hour. The others were all killed instantly and were badly cut up. The crossing is near the depot and is a very blind one. Neither the engineer nor the persons in the team saw each other until one or the other was on the crossing. The locomotive was not running at very great speed, as it stopped before passing through the short bridge that is near the crossing. The party were returning home from berrying. The carriage was completely demolished.

A Railroad Riot.

A serious affair took place at Martinsburg, West Virginia, on Tuesday. A strike took place by the fireman on the railroad, who assembled with their friends in large numbers and stopped all freight trains. A despatch says—

Col. Faulkner with 75 men of the Berkeley Light Infantry Guards arrived with loaded muskets and took charge of one of the west bound freight trains that had been detained by the strikers, and placing his men on board attempted to move it on its way West. The strikers and their friends were at the Company's yards in large numbers and assumed a threatening attitude. As the train started on its way through the town in charge of the engineer and one of the newly appointed firemen the men on the train were fired upon by the mob and one soldier wounded. The military returned the fire at once and killed one of the rioters. This was followed by the wildest excitement. Some of the strikers were frantic with rage, while fear was depicted on the faces of many in the crowd. A scene of confusion was now presented impossible to describe.

The strikers after the affair with the military cut the couplings of the cars, rendering it impossible for the time being to move the train. At last accounts the situation was precarious, the strikers still holding their own and preventing trains from leaving Up to that time no further movement was made by either party as far as known.

Another Eminent Republican Sticks to Hayes.

Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, with his sound sense and keen discrimination, has declared for Hayes and the Constitution. At the conclusion of a recent letter, he says—

The problem which President Hayes had to deal with in Louisiana and South Carolina was not identical in all respects with that which President Tyler was compelled to face in Rhode Island; but in each of those three cases the main fact was the fact of a dual government. In Louisiana, the question between Packard and Nicholls was which is really Governor; in other words, which of the two is in possession, performing the functions of Government? In neither case was the question a difficult one. Governor Packard shut up in the State House at New Orleans—Gov. Chamberlain similarly beseiged in the State House at Columbia—calls to the President (virtually), "I am Governor *de jure*; send me troops enough and I will be Governor *de facto*."

On the other hand, Governer Nicholls at New Orleans, and Governor Hampton at Columbia, say to the President, each for himself, "I am Govern or *de facto* as well as *de jure*; I ask for no military aid from the United States; if only the detachment of the United States soldiers which garrisons the State House can be withdrawn, there will be no more doubt as to the actual government, and the state will be perfectly able to protect itself against domestic violence." The President, after careful inquiry and deliberation, concludes that as a matter of fact, the pretension of Governor Packard to be Governor of Louisiana cannot be maintained in any other way than by a constant employment of the military power of the United States; and that Governor Nicholls (whatever may have been the irregularity of his election, and by whatever fraud or violence he may have gained the position) is actually governing the State with no protection from any external power.

The same sort of inquiry and deliberation concerning South Carolina brought him to the conclusion that whether Governor Chamberlain ought or ought not to be Governor of the State (a question which he, as President, had no jurisdiction), the State was actually governed by the other man. In the words quoted by Governor Chamberlain from Chief-Justice Taney, it was the President's duty to "determine"—of course not without inquiry and deliberation—"what body of men constitutes the Legislature, and who *is* the Governor." Just this is what he has done.

Is the President of the United States to be a supreme returning board for all elections of State Governors? I say *No*! Who says *Yes*?

LEONARD BACON.

Northampton, Mass., July 9, 1877.

The Civil Service.

WASHINGTON, July 13. J. P. Hamilton, Secretary of the Kansas Republican Association, called on the President to ascertain whether the lately promulgated civil rules applied to persons holding office in various State associations. The President was under the impression that these associations were simply social; but, on being informed that a large amount of political work was done by them, he emphatically asserted that no person in the government employ, will be allowed to take any part whatever in political affairs.

If associations are of a social character, there will be no objection to their continuance; but politics must be eschewed. Some persons have understood the civil service rules to apply only to actual working hours or the time of service belonging to the Government; but the President distinctly states that *no* political services can be rendered by Government employes at any time while he holds such position; even though it does not interfere with his duty, as it is his intention to forever divorce politics and civil service so far as in him lieth.

The President's Order.

WASHINGTON, July 17. At the Cabinet session to-day the question whether members of the Republican National Committee came within the scope of the recent order of the President forbidding all Government officials having any connection with political organizations, was thoroughly discussed and it was decided that members of the above named Committee who are in the employment of the Government must resign from one of their positions. The conversation between the President and Governor McCormick from which a different opinion resulted, was wholly of a casual nature and not of a decisive character. The decision reached to-day will necessitate the resignation from the Republican National Committee of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, McCormick, Postmaster Filley, of St. Louis, and perhaps some other members.

Marching on Constantinople.

Fifteen battalions of Russians are reported to have crossed the Balkan mountains and are advancing on Adrianople and Constantinople. The Russian advance is reported to be between Yambolic and Adrianople. Great excitement prevails in Constantinople and work on the fortification is being rapidly pushed forward. All available troops are being dispatched to Adrianople. The Turkish newspapers urge the inhabitants to form a volunteer corps, as the enemy is at their gates.

Capt. Tyson expects to sail from New London for the Arctic seas as early as July 20. The schooner Florence is now nearly ready for sea, and will be manned mainly by Connecticut sailors. She may stop at Frobisher's Straits upon her course, but her headquarters will be on Cumberland Island, where a stock of supplies is to be collected, and a score of Esquimaux with dogs and sledges are to be enlisted for the expedition. If Congress grants an approbration for the Howgate colony, another vessel will sail from New York about July 1, 1878, and join Capt. Tyson at Disco about Aug. 5. Then they will strike north. "We shall stay there, sir, until we find the north pole," says Capt. Tyson to a reporter of the New London Telegram.

Probate Court.

PHILO HERSEY, Judge.—B. P. FIELD, Register.

The following business was transacted at the July Term of said Court:

ADMINISTRATION GRANTED ON ESTATES OF—Abial D. Glidden late of Palermo, James S. Glidden, Administrator; William A. Messer late of Montville, Octavia M. Messer, Administratrix; Lydia Mansur late of Monroe, Susan A. Mansur, Administratrix.

INVENTORIES FILED ON ESTATES OF—Abiather Knowles late of Winterport; Henry Gardner late of Northport; Simon Black late of Belmont; Sada Abbott, minor, of Montville; minor heirs of Henry S. Clement late of Winterport.

ACCOUNTS ALLOWED ON ESTATES OF—William McGilvery late of Searsport; Sarah H. Gray late of Belfast; John West late of Belfast, minor heir of Betsey C. Crosby late of Brooks; Henry S. Clement late of Winterport; Lyman Littlefield late of Winterport; William Taber late of Unity; Joel Prescott late of Northport.

WARRANT OF INSOLVENCY RETURNED ON ESTATE OF—William McGilvery late of Searsport.

WARRANT OF DOWER ISSUED ON ESTATE OF—Hezekiah Flanders late of Northport.

ALLOWANCE MADE ON ESTATES OF—Nathaniel Seavey late of Troy; Hezekiah Flanders late of Northport.

WILL PROBATED OF—Gilman Roberts late of Brooks, in which after giving sundry small legacies to his children, he bequeaths to his wife the remainder of his property.

GUARDIAN APPOINTED—George White over Elizabeth D. White of Winterport, an insane person.

WOULD YOU BE FREE from tormenting pains caused by Kidney Disease, use HUNT'S REMEDY, the great Kidney Medicine. Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, all diseases of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, are cured by HUNT'S REMEDY. One trial will convince you.

CLARKE'S TOOTH ACHE DROPS *cure instantly.*

Tourists will find the American House, Boston, a most convenient point from which to visit places of interest. It contains a large number of suits of rooms particularly adapted to families travelling.

Dr. C. E. Drake, of Portland, proprietor of Dr. Drake's Golden Bitters for stomach and liver diseases, Dr. Drake's liver pills for biliousness and constipation, and Dr. Drake's nervous pills for all nervous diseases, will make his sixteenth visit to Belfast, at the Phenix House, July 25th, 26th and 27th. He makes a specialty of chronic and blood diseases. Tumors removed without the use of the knife. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. and 7 P. M. to 9 P. M. Examinations free. The above medicine, for sale at S. A. Howes & Co., Belfast, and druggists generally.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC. In the atmosphere experienced here during the summer months the lethargy produced by the heat takes away the desire for wholesome food, and frequent perspirations reduce bodily energy, particularly those suffering from the effects of debilitating diseases. In order to keep a natural healthful activity of the system, we must resort to artificial means. For this purpose Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is very effectual. A few doses will create an appetite and give fresh vigor to the enervated body. For dyspepsia, it is invaluable. Many eminent physicians have doubted whether dyspepsia can be permanently cured by the drugs which are generally employed for that purpose. The Sea Weed Tonic in its nature is totally different from such drugs. It contains no corrosive minerals or acids; in fact it assists the regular operations of nature, and supplies her deficiencies. The tonic in its nature so much resembles the gastric juice that it is almost identical with that fluid. The gastric juice is the natural solvent which, in a healthy condition of the body, causes the food to be digested; and when this juice is not excreted in sufficient quantities, indigestion, with all its distressing symptoms, follows. The Sea Weed Tonic performs the duty of the gastric juice when the latter is deficient. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic sold by all Druggists.

How It is Done.

The first object in life with the American people is to "get rich"; the second, how to regain good health. The first can be obtained by energy, honesty and saving; the second, (good health) by using GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. Should you be a despondent sufferer from any of the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, &c., such as Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Dizziness of the Head, Nervous Prostration, Low Spirits, &c., you need not suffer another day. Two doses of AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Positively sold by all first class Druggists in the U. S. Sold by R. H. Moody, Belfast; Kittridge, Rockland; Fletcher, Camden; Smith & Sons, Searsport; Robinson, Thomaston; also to be found in Waldoboro and Bucksport. 1yrow49

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives, suffering from dyspepsia, a disordered stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is DaCosta's Radical Cure sold by W. O. Poor & Son, sole agents for Belfast. A. J. Jordan, agent for Bucksport.

A 25 cent bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself.

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it. tf19.

BOSTON MARKET.

MONDAY, July 16.

BUTTER—We quote choice New York and Vermont at 21a22c; fair to good do at 17a19c; choice Western dairy packed at 18a19c; fair to good at 16 a17c; mill butter and store packed at 14a16c; Western creameries at 21a23c per lb.

CHEESE—We quote fine New York and Vermont cheese at 9 1-2a10c; Western do at 9a9 1-2c; good factory at 8 1-2a9c, and common cheese at 7a8c per lb.

EGGS—The market is firm to-day at 18a18 1-2c per dozen for P E I, Northern and Eastern, the best marks selling at the highest price.

BEANS The market for mediums remains firm at $2 85a2 90 per bush, and pea beans are scarce and firm at $3 12 1-2a3 25 for the best stock. There is a limited demand for yellow eyes at $2 50 per bush.

VEGETABLES—Norfolk Potatoes are selling to day at $1 50a2 00 per bbl; Marrow Squash at $1 50 per bbl, Southern Onions at $4 00 per bbl; Tomatoes at 75ca$1 00 per box.

NEW APPLES—The stock is better in quality, and prices range from $4 00a5 00 per bbl.

HAY AND STRAW—We quote prime coarse hay at $19 00a21 00 per ton; medium do at $17 00a18 00, and fine at $17 00 per ton.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 11.

Arrivals of stock at market—Cattle 2604; Sheep and Lambs 1440; Swine 6400; number Western Cattle 2404; Eastern Cattle —; Milch Cows and Northern Cattle 140.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality $7 12 1-2a7 50; first quality $6 75a7 00; second quality $5 62 1-2a6 75; third quality $5 12 1-2a 5 50; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 75 a5 00.

Brighton Hides 7 1-2asc per lb; Brighton Tallow 6c per lb. Country Hides 7a7 1-2c per lb; Country Tallow 3a5 1-2c per lb. Calf skins 11a12c per lb; sheared Sheep Skins 25c; Lamb Skins 50c each.

Working Oxen—But few pairs in market and not much call for them. We have not noticed any sales this week.

Store Cattle—Nothing doing in the Store Cattle trade. Most of the small Cattle that are brought in to market are sold for Beef.

Milch Cows—Extra $55a100; ordinary $25a50. Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade.

Sheep and Lambs—From the West the supply for the week has been light, all owned as usual, by butchers. The trade for Northern Sheep and Lambs has been dull at prices ranging from 5asc per lb.

Swine—No store pigs in market. Fat Hogs 6100; prices 6 1-4c per lb.

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal
By C. H. SARGENT, No 8 Main Street.

Flour	$9.50a12.50	Corned Beef	9a00
Corn	65a70	Mutton	0a0
Corn Meal	70	Lamb	10a11
Rye Meal	1.50	Turkey	14a18
Rye	1.25	Chicken	00a00
Barley	75	Fowl	10a15
Oats	38	Geese	00a00
Beans	$2.25a3.00	Duck	00a00
Potatoes, New	$1.50	Hay	$10.00a15.00
Apples	00a00	Straw	$6.00a7.00
Dried Apples	6a7	Washed Wool	40
Butter	16a20	Unwashed "	30
Cheese	14a16	Hides,	4a5
Eggs	17	Calf Skins	10
Round Hog	0	Lamb "	45a50
Pork Backs	12	Hard Wood	$4.50a5.50
Lard	14a15	Soft "	$3.00a3.50
Beef	8a10	Shorts per ct.	$1.40
Veal	6a7	Lime	95
Dry Cod	5a6	Butter Salt	25
" Pollock	2 1-2a3	1-2 Plaster	$1.00

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Democratic State Convetion.

The Democrats of Maine and all others who sympathize with them in their purposes and objects regardless of past political affiliations, are invited to send delegates to a State Convention to be held in

CITY HALL, PORTLAND,
Tuesday, August 14, 1877, at 11 A. M.,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, to be supported at the September Election, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each city, town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate and one additional delegate for every seventy-five votes cast for the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1876. A fraction of forty votes will be accorded a delegate.

The Democratic State Committee will be in session at the Preble House, on Monday night, and in the Reception Room, City Building, on the morning of the convention, at 9 o'clock, for the purpose of receiving credentials.

F. D. LYFORD, Androscoggin.
J. C. MADIGAN, Aroostook.
L. B. PILLSBURY, Franklin.
A. A. BARTLETT, Hancock.
J. H. MARTIN, Knox.
GEO. C. BERRY, Lincoln.
A. S. KIMBALL, Oxford.
C. N. HERSEY, Penobscot.
H. HUDSON, Jr., Piscataquis.
A. LIBBY, Sagadahoc.
W. D. HAYDEN, Somerset.
L. H. MURCH, Waldo.
W. HATHAWAY, Washington.
E. STONE, York.
E. F. PILLSBURY, Kennebec, Chairman.
JNO. D. ANDERSON, Cumberland, Secretary.

The usual arrangements on all the railroad and steamboat lines for fares at reduced rates, which will be more particularly announced hereafter.

JNO. D. ANDERSON, Secretary.

MARRIED.

In this city, July 12th, by Rev. George Pratt, Melville C. Percival and Alberta F. Coombs, both of this city.

In Swanville, July 15th, by A. E. Nickerson, Esq., Charles S. Twombly of Monroe, and Miss Adella Curtis of Swanville.

In Brooks June 17th, by Rev. H. Small, Mr. Nelson R. Cilley of Waldo, and Miss Mary W. Webb of Knox.

In Brooks, July 8th, by Rev. H. Small, Mr. Ira L. Howard and Miss Mary E. Morse, both of Montville.

In Bucksport, July 4th, Mr. Chas. L. Soper and Miss Mary B. Collins, both of B.

Winter Harbor, July 4th, Mr. Edwin S. Springer of Franklin, and Miss Alice N. Rice of Gouldsboro.

In Hancock, June 30th, Mr. Nathaniel R. Butler of Hancock, and Mrs. Hannah E. Frazier of Ellsworth.

In Appleton, July 3d, Mr. Edwin C. McGuire of Union, and Mrs. Hattie A. Perry of Appleton.

In Jefferson, July 5th, Mr. Alvin Vose and Miss Tillie W. Helmershausen, both of Thomaston.

In Augusta, June 30th, by Rev. Dr. Quimby, Mr. Fred L. Mansfield and Miss Nellie A. Metcalf, both of Hope.

In Bristol, June 17th, Mr. John F. Farnham of Boothbay, and Emma E. Fostrr of Bristol.

In Bristol, June 17th, Mr. Oliver Ethridge and Miss Nancy A. Leeman, both of B.

In Bristol, July 3d, Mr. Melvin E. Loud and Miss Lucy E. McIntyre, both of Muscongus Island.

In Bristol, June 23d, Allen F. Quimby and Miss Annie E. Chisman, both of Bristol; July 2d, H. F. Tabor and Mrs. Rebecca R. Quimby of Waldoboro.

In Jefferson, June 30th, Wells A. Deering and Miss Callie Kennedy.

In Crescent City, Cal., Mr. Chas. F. Durham and Miss Binnie H. Cleveland.

In Englewood, Ill., July 5th, Mr. Jeremiah Musselman of Naperville, and Miss Nellie F. Wording of Englewood, formerly of Belfast.

DIED.

Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.)

In this city, July 16th, Mrs. Mercy R., wife of Watson Y. Hopkins, aged 67 years.

In Northport, June 13th, Mrs. Susan H. Darby, aged 58 years and 7 months.

In Union, July 2d, Miss Caswell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lendall Caswell, aged 18 years.

In Union, July 4th, Mrs. Mary Robbins, widow of the late Pierce Robbins, aged 87 years.

At Diamond City, Montana, June 3d, Olive M., wife of H. H. Barnes, and daughter of Mrs. Elisha Gurney, of Rockville, aged 30 years and 15 days.

In So. Thomaston, July 5th, Capt. Jacob Pierce, aged 80 years.

In So. Thomaston, July 6th, Mellia Dean, relict of Dea. Samuel Dean, aged 79 years and 8 months.

At Seal Harbor, July 8th, Frederick Elwell, aged 20 years and 2 months.

In Waldoboro, July 9th, Fred Atherton, son of Walter E. Clark, aged 9 months.

In Waldoboro, July 11th, Alden Jackson, aged 67 years.

In Penobscot, June 23d, Mrs. Anna Wilson, aged 90 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

July 11th, schr. Nathan Clifford, Holmes, Bangor for New London.

July 12th, schs. James W. Brown, Kane, Boston; Cameo, Stover, do.

July 14th, schs. Abby Gale, Darby, Salem; Lillian, Ryan, Boston.

July 15th, schr. Flora Condon, French, Searsport, to load hay for Beaufort, S. C.

July 18th, schr. Geo. Shattuck, Carter, Boston.

SAILED.

July 12th, brig H. C. Sibley, Colson, Charleston.

July 14th, schs. G. B. Ferguson,

A Summer Idyl.

Before me shines a golden mist—
I hear glad songs of bird and bee,
And violets, by the dewdrops kist,
Beneath my feet smile lovingly.
I leave behind all toil and care;
What matter where my steps are going?
Sweet scents are in the south wind blowing,
And bloom and beauty everywhere.

There is no voice to call me back—
There is no voice to lead me on;
Before me lies a beckoning track,
Touched by the glories of the dawn.
A willow and a ruined mill—
A broken bridge within its shadow—
A stream that whispers through a meadow—
A little grave, beside a hill.

Once, in a summer long ago,
(T'is but a little history,
But yet I love the memory so,
Perhaps you'll bear awhile with me.)
found myself at this same place,
And, where the golden light was staining
Through tossing leaves, a child was kneeling,
leading, with tender, upturned face,

To Him who guides the universe,
Yet watches in the smallest thing—
A simple prayer, so sweet and terse—
Would I yet held the offering.
It lifted up my soul, for then
I questioned much with unbelief;
It taught me where to find relief,
Beyond the frown and light of men.

So long ago—so long ago,
It seems just like a pleasant dream;
Yet, when the summer roses blow,
And summer sunbeams sweep and gleam,
I find the old familiar place,
Where to this day is hovering
The glory of that offering
Which led me to my Father's face.

The little grave speaks not of gloom;
You guess full well who sleeps below;
Such tender songs, such wealth of bloom,
Where softest winds are wont to blow.
Oh, heart of mine, be still and wait!
Cradled among the roses beaming,
You will not wake her from her dreaming—
She waits for you at Heaven's gate.

[Portland Transcript.

Jewels of Thought and Devotion.

One waits and watches all his days away
For what may never come. So looks alone
Some man upon a desert island thrown
For sails that pass not, till, too faint to pray,
He folds his hands and waits the eventful day
When death uninterrupted claims his own.
Bids hope lie down by fear, stills the long moan,
And bids the weary feet no more to stray.
None know of the sad life and death, till, lo!
Men voyaging from afar, by fierce winds driven,
Cast anchor on that isle where, tempest riven,
They see a tree built house, by which they know
That one has lived and died there, hoped and striven.
They shed their unavailing tears and go.

[Harper's.

"I have seen manners," says Emerson, "that makes a similar impression with personal beauty."

Expense of time is the most costly of all expenses.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.

To some purpose is that man wise who is wise at another man's expense.

The hen of our neighbor appears to us a goose, says the Oriental proverb.

People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after.

The man who can be nothing but serious or nothing but merry is but half a man.

The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself to be so even amidst an army of soldiers. [Cervantes.

When the stiffened body goes down to the tomb, sad, silent and remorseless, I feel there is no death for the man. That clod which yonder dust shall cover is not my brother. The dust goes to its place, man to his own. It is then I feel my immortality. I look through the grave into Heaven. I ask no miracle, no proof, no reasoning for me. I ask no risen dust to teach me immortality. I am conscious of eternal life. [Thodore Parker.

Insist on yourself, never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative gift force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best none but his maker can teach him. No man yet knows, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon or Newton? Every great man is a unique. [Emerson.

Being a Christian is not being faultless; it is not being in a state of which you will not stumble nor fall; it is being in that state in which you recognize the hatefulness of sin and seek to overcome it. Taking the soil, uncultivated as it is, and putting in the right kind of seed, and giving it the right tillage, and then waiting patiently for the harvest—that is what makes you one. Christ's husbandmen

In the exhaustless catalogue of heaven's mercies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only because it supports and upholds us when we most require to be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is something, we have reason to believe, of the Divine Spirit; something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels; which had its being in the old time when they trod the earth, and hunger on it yet, in pity. [Dickens.

A Raffle for Freedom.

I ascended the Mississippi on a steamer on board of which were Judge J. and Gen. K. of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted.

"A hard set, these Natchez men," said the captain, who met us on the cabin stairs. "There's some of them down in the saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools, I could never see!"

"Let's go down and look on awhile, suggested the judge.

In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators were gathered. The four were the "heavy players."

The game was poker, and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking on long, when one of the players, who, I learned, was a cotton planter, bet his last dollar against the hand of his antagonist. The latter had four kings while he had only four queens. He was "cleaned out," and arose as though he was going to leave the table,

"Are you broke, colonel?" asked one of the men.

"Dead," was the laconic reply.

"Never mind; I'll lend you."

"No; I can make a raise. Here, Joe!"

"Here, massa?" responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon.

"Bring that girl and her youngster here that I bought in Natchez. Wait a few minutes, gentlemen; I'll raise some money shortly."

The old negro went on his errand, and soon returned with the girl and her youngster. The girl proved to be a stately mulatto woman about thirty-five years old. Her youngster was a fine, intelligent looking boy ten or twelve years old, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than the black.

"Here, gentlemen," said the planter, as they entered, "you see this girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid $800 for them yesterday in Natchez. Who will give me $600 for them?"

"Will you sell them separate?" asked some one.

"No, can't do it; promised not to. The girl swears she'll take her life if she's separated from her boy, and her old master said he was sure she would keep her word. But don't you all see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them? Come, who'll give me $600 for both?"

The planter waited a moment for a reply, and then said.

"Well, I must have some money. What do you say to a raffle—thirty chances at $20 a chance? Out with your cash, gentlemen.

This proposition created a decided stir among all present. The three players at the table led off by taking three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty shares were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause. The planter himself now took two chances, and he was followed by his three fellow-players, who took one chance more apiece. Finally, three chances more were taken, when the planter cried out:

"Two chances still, gentlemen! Who will have them?"

Gen. K. whispered something in Judge J's. ear, and then went to the table and laid two ten-dollar gold pieces on it.

"Name, sir, please."

"Never mind the name. Put it down for the woman—"

"Eh—what! for the girl herself?"

"Yes, certainly; let's give her a chance."

"All right! One for Ninette. Now—"

"That's for the boy," said Judge J. quietly, as he laid twenty dollars on the table.

"Good! Bravo!" cried the planter and several of the bystanders. "One for Tommy, which makes the thirty. Now, gentlemen, let's see whom luck favors."

The dice were brought, and the throwing began. Each chance entitled the holder to three throws.

Thirty-six was the highest thrown until the holder of the eleventh chance threw. He scored forty-two. Then a less number was thrown, until number twenty-one put in forty-nine. The excitement now became intense. Forty-nine was hard to beat, the highest throw possible being nine sixes—fifty-four. Again and again the dice rattled in the box until it came to number twenty-nine.

"Come, Ninette—it's your turn, now."

As the poor woman came forward, her hands crossed and pressed convulsively against her breast, it was truly painful to witness her agitation.

"Won't the gentleman that took the chance for me please throw?" she asked in a low, tremulous tone.

"No; let your boy throw," replied the general; "perhaps he would have more luck than I."

"Come, Tom," said the planter.

Tom came forward and picked up the box. The woman pressed her lips firmly together and clasped her hands as if in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen leaf, but shook the dice and threw—four.

For a moment he stared at the dice as if he could not believe his eyes, then he put down the box and stepped back pale and dejected.

"Come, Tommy, throw again," urged the planter.

"It's no use, master; I couldn't throw forty-nine now."

"True, true! But you have your own chance. Throw that."

"Certainly," said Judge J. "That was your mother's. Now throw for yourself on the chance I gave you. Have a stout heart my boy."

Again the boy returned to the table and took up the box. He pressed his lips together, and did his best to control his trembling limbs. Not a sound was to be heard in the saloon but the rattling of the dice. For a moment every man seemed to hold his breath. He threw.

"Two sixes and a five—seventeen!"

The excitement knew no bound, and "the bravos" resounded on every hand. The boy, as he took up the box to throw for the third and last time, was as near colorless as it was possible for him to be with his yellow skin. Out rolled the dice, and up came three sixes, which made fifty-one!

"Tommy, my boy, I congratulate you!" cried the planter. "You are your own and your mother's master! Fill up the necessary papers, captain, and I will sign them. These gentlemen will be the witnesses!"

I will not attempt to describe the scene. In the general satisfaction, one of the most rough-looking men in the crowd proposed a subscription for the freed negroes. The proposition was received with such favor that in less than five minutes fifty dollars were collected. [A German sketch of travel in America before the War.

Early Potatoes.

T. R. Savage, of West Market Square, Bangor, advertised to give ten dollars for the first bushel of new potatoes grown in the counties of Penobscot, Piscataquis or Hancock, not to exceed 225 potatoes to the bushel. Monday morning there was quite an interesting little scene at Savage's store. It appears that Mr. O. R. Smith of Orrington, was bound to win the prize. Long before the break of day he was in his potato patch, and at half past four o'clock he was in front of Savage's store with his basket of beautiful Early Rose potatoes, 219 to the bushel. The store, however, was not open, and leaving his team, he sauntered off. Meanwhile another early bird, Mr. J. E. Merrill, of Veazie, came up with another basket, 216 to the bushel. Merrill seeing Smith's team and the potatoes in it, took in the situation at a glance, and placed his potatoes in the recess of the store door and planted himself on them back to the door. When the clerk came at half past five to open the store, he found the two in lively altercation as to which had first complied with the conditions of the advertisement. Smith claimed that he was first on the ground, whilst Merrill claimed that he was the first to deliver the potatoes in the store. The clerk concluded that he would not decide the controversy, and awaited the arrival of Mr. Savage. When the latter came, he found the logic of the contestants for the ten dollar prize too subtle for his legal lore, and he sought to induce them to leave the case out to a referee. But a referee they could not agree upon. At last, however, the parties compromised the dispute by dividing the ten dollars between them.

Statistics show that men of genius bear up under their wear and tear better than women of genius. When Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre" suddenly fell on the literary world it actually threw into the background, for a time, "vanity fair," then freshly issued, although Thackeray spent long years in building up his fame. Miss Bronte, after her remarkable debut as an author, was repeatedly rumored to be on the point of marriage, and in letters to friends she positively denied these rumors. While writing "Villette" she often complained of frightful headaches, which rendered existence a burden, and declared that the task she had undertaken of finishing this, her last novel, to the publishers was accomplished in positive anguish. Upon throwing up her pen and marrying wedlock was too late—the gift of genius had completely worn her out, and death came to her at a rapid pace.

New Advertisements.

JACKSON'S BEST SWEET NAVY CHEWING TOBACCO! was awarded the highest prize at Centennial Exposition for its fine chewing qualities, the excellence and lasting character of its sweetening and flavoring. If you want the best tobacco ever made ask your grocer for this, and see that each plug bears our blue strip trade mark with words Jackson's Best on it. Sold wholesale by Boston and Portland Jobbers. Send for sample to C. A. JACKSON & Co., Manufacturers, Petersburg, Va.

N. F. BURNHAM'S 1874 **WATER-WHEEL** Is declared the "STANDARD TURBINE," by over 650 persons who use it. Prices reduced. New pamphlet, free, N. F. BURNHAM, York, Pa.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post-paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, New York.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

The Crucial Test of the value of a medicine is time. Does experience confirm the claims put forth in its favor at the outset? is the grand question. Upon this criterion, so simple, yet so searching, to TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. How has it worn? What has been its history? How does it stand to-day?

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient is a household name throughout the United States. It is administered as a specific, and with success, in dyspepsia, sick headache, nervous debility, liver complaint, bilious remittents, bowel complaints (especially constipation), rheumatism, gout, gravel, nausea, the complaints peculiar to the maternal sex, and all types of inflammation. So mild is it in its operation that it can be given with perfect safety to the feeblest child; and so agreeable is it to the taste, so refreshing to the palate, that children never refuse to take it. For sale by all druggists.

ROOFING SLATE. A. WILBUR & CO., Slate Wharves, 529 Commercial St., Boston, Sole Agents for Merrill's Celebrated Brownville Unfading Slate. Strongest and best made; less repairs than others; received the highest Centennial award, a medal and diploma. Sold by the square or cargo at Bangor or Boston. Also all other kinds of slate and roofing materials. Address A. W. & Co., Boston, or H. A. MERRILL, Bangor, Me.

FRECKLES! HERMIT'S WASH, the greatest infallible five-day Freckle Tan and Pimple Cure; mailed securely sealed for 50 cts. by J. R. HEISLEY & CO., Salem, N. J.

$500 REWARD will be paid for a bottle of any other Extract or Essence of Ginger if found to equal in flavor, purity, and prompt medicinal effect Sanford's Jamaica Ginger. Samples free at all Druggists and Grocers.

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER is prepared from the true Jamaica Ginger, combined with choice aromatics and genuine French Brandy, and is vastly superior to every other Extract or Essence of Ginger before the public, all of which are prepared with *alcohol* by the old process. It instantly relieves

DISEASES OF THE BOWELS, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cramps and Pains, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Cholera Infantum, Diarrhœa in Teething, and all Summer Complaints,

DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Sluggish Digestion, Want of Tone and Activity in the Stomach and Bowels, Oppression after Eating, Rising of Food, & Similar Ailments.

CHILLS AND FEVER, Colds and Chills, Feverish Symptoms, Pains in the Bones, Catarrhal Symptoms, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Symptoms, Soreness and Pains in the Muscles and Joints.

Elegantly flavored, purely medicinal, it should be in every family, on board every ship, and the constant companion of every traveller. It utterly surpasses all the common household remedies in the cure of ailments of sudden and often fatal termination. Ask for SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER, the only genuine preparation of Jamaica Ginger, Choice Aromatics and French Brandy.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers in Medicine. Price, 50 cents. Dealers should purchase original packages of one dozen to obtain the trial bottles for free distribution. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS For Local Pains, Lameness, Soreness, Weakness, Numbness and Inflammation of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Spleen, Bowels, Bladder, Heart and Muscles, are equal to an army of doctors, and acres of plants and shrubs. Even in Paralysis, Epilepsy, or Fits, and Nervous and Involuntary Muscular Action, this Plaster, by Rallying the Nervous Forces, has effected Cures when every other known remedy has failed.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price 25 cents. Sent on receipt of price, 25 cents for One, $1.25 for Six, or $2.25 for Twelve to any part of the United States and Canadas, by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston.

Plows! Plows! THE celebrated FRYE (or HANSON) Plows for Sale by **E. J. Morison & Co.,** Also agents for the HUSSEY PLOW of Unity, and the HUSSEY and DOE PLOWS made at Liberty. Every Plow fully warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed. Castings of all the above makes, constantly on hand. A large assortment of **Shovels, Hoes & Manure Forks,** Just received, to be sold at lowest **CASH PRICES.** Call and see us before purchasing. E. J. MORISON & CO., 4m39 52 Main Street, Belfast.

New Saloon! I would give notice that I have leased the SALOON in PIERCE'S BLOCK, and having refitted it thoroughly, in an attractive manner, shall keep constantly on hand **Fruits, Foreign & Domestic, Nuts, Raisins and Figs.** BERRIES Of all kinds in their season OYSTERS Served to Order in all Styles. **Ice Creams, Cake, Lemonade, Pop and Spruce Beers.** Also, THE BEST LINE OF **FANCY CONFECTIONERY!** to be found in the city. I shall make a specialty of **Cigars, Tobacco & Smokers Artcles** A full line of each constantly on hand. Remembering the dull times, I shall endeavor to make my prices such, that all may be able to purchase. I shall be at my SALOON myself, and shall be pleased to see my friends and the public at all times. **FRED. W. POTE.** Belfast, June 20, 1877. 51tf

MAY 16th, 1877. MILLINERY! —AT— Mrs. B. F. WELLS. Just received the Latest Styles and the **LARGEST STOCK** in the State. **Everything FRESH and NEW.** Entire satisfaction given in every instance. Give us a call before you purchase. Mrs. B. F. Wells.

MEN'S Fine Goat Ties At Critchett & Francis.

Bay Excursions. Steamer MAY QUEEN leaves Sanford Wharf for a trip across the Bay every Monday P. M. at 2.30, and Friday A. M., at 9 o'clock, returning the same day, thus affording a delightful sail. W. B. SWAN, Agent. Belfast, June 20, 1877. 51tf

Marked Down! ALL OUR **Hats & Bonnets** AT COST FOR **30 DAYS!** Just received, another Large Lot of **Hemmed-stitched Handkerchiefs!** HOSE, FANS, &C. Something NEW and ELEGANT in FAN CORDS. Please call and see us before purchasing elsewhere at our New Store, 22 High Street. **Ferguson & Littlefield.**

Important to All! **A. P. Mansfield & Co.,** NOT succeeding in renting their store to advantage, will continue to occupy it themselves. They have disposed of all their old stock, and have just purchased for CASH, a nice **Fresh Lot of Goods,** the same being bought exceedingly LOW! And they are now prepared to offer to any one wishing anything in their line consisting of GROCERIES, FLOUR, CROCKERY AND WOODEN WARE. Such bargains as cannot be got elsewhere. We intend to sell goods at LESS than ONE HALF the usual profit asked. CALL & SEE. **A. P. Mansfield & Co.** Foot of Main Street. Belfast, June 28, 1877. 1f52

Preserve Your Eyes! I have just added to my large stock of SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES, a full line of **Pure Scotch Pebbles,** Gold and Steel Bows. **Pebbles** being **Stone** do not get scratched and blurred by use, and are of wonderful clearness, and purity of color. By their use many find **Comfort** and **Relief** for the **Eyes** which all **Glass Lenses fail to afford.** Call at HERVEY'S Jewelry Store, Phenix Row, Belfast.

REMOVAL! I HAVE REMOVED MY STOCK OF **Stoves and Tin Shop** To No. 9 High Street, The Store lately occupied by George F. White, where I will be pleased to welcome my old customers. The Best of **STOVES & TIN WARE** Constantly on hand. JOB-WORK Promptly and faithfully attended to. I am sole Agent for the **Winthrop Furnace,** That gives such universal satisfaction. Come and look at my new location, and examine my store. R. FRANK CLARK. Belfast, April 16, 1877. 42tf

FOR **Great Bargains** GO TO A. B. MATHEWS' NEWLY FITTED **FURNITURE STORE,** 70 Granite Block, BELFAST, - - MAINE. 49tf

NEW FIRM! THE UNDERSIGNED having formed a copartnership in business under the name and style Hazeltine & Co., And leased the store on Main street, formerly occupied by J. B. Wadlin, are now prepared to offer a well selected stock of FAMILY GROCERIES! Corn, Flour and Meal, Kerosene Oil, Tea, Coffee, and Spices, Pork, Beef, Lard, Hams, Tobacco, and all goods usually kept in a first-class Grocery Store, at wholesale and retail, at as reasonable rates as can be had at any store in the city. Our Stock is purchased for Cash, and by strict integrity and fair dealing we hope to merit a fair share of patronage. Give us a call. BEN HAZELTINE. N. E. KEEN. Belfast, Dec. 22, 1876.—28tf

MOODY'S DRUG STORE! Pure Drugs and Chemicals! Genuine Patent Medicines Of all kinds. A large Stock and great variety of TRUSSES! The best and most durable Shoulder Braces In the market. *Fancy Goods, Knives, Perfumery in Bulk and Bottled, Hair Oils, Pomades, Tooth Brushes, Face Powder, Hair Brushes and Combs, Sponges, &c., &c.* Everything in fact kept in a first-class Drug Store can be found at **R. H. MOODY'S.**

JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF PURE SPICES! Warranted Strictly Pure and to give entire satisfaction. DR. R. MOODY'S Vegetable Bitters the best in the market. **Reader's German Catarrh Snuff,** The only reliable Catarrh Remedy. A full Stock of Wax Flower Material. Physician's Prescription and Family Receipts carefully compounded. R. H. MOODY, 1y28 Corner of Main and High Sts.

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO. A No. 1 **FERTILIZER.** IT IS PROMPT, ACTIVE, & RELIABLE. TEN years' successful use has shown it to be OF THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY. PRICE MODERATE. *QUALITY & STANDARD GUARANTEED* We claim for it the Greatest Benefit to the Consumer from the smallest outlay. For Sale in Belfast by **HAZELTINE & CO.,** Wadlin Block, Main Street. April 19, 1877. 42tf

Visit J. C. THOMPSON & Son's New Furniture Store!

REMOVAL! R. KITTRIDGE has removed his stock of **Dry Goods!** This Day, Monday, May 28th, To the Store formerly occupied by G. W. Burkett in Hayford Block, and invites all of his former patrons and friends to give him a call. My Prices will be as **LOW!** as can be purchased elsewhere. Thankful for past favors and would still solicit patronage. Please call and take a look at the Old Place so well known. I am also Agent for the HAMPTON TEA COMPANY. And will continue to sell for Thirty Days longer TEAS at former prices, being cargo prices, viz: Best Japan Teas, 60 and 50 cents; a good Japan Tea, 5 pounds for $1.00, or 25 cents single pound, only 3 pounds to one person; a very good Japan Tea, 4 pounds for $1.00, only 4 pounds to one person; English Breakfast Teas, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound, only 1 pound at one sale; Best Quality Oolong Tea, for 75 cents, former price 40 and 50 cents. The above Teas all warranted good. No Teas sold at wholesale. 4f18 R. KITTRIDGE.

Again in the Field! **Arnold Harris,** WITH many thanks for past favors, begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has returned and re-opened the store **No. 78 Main Street,** With an entire New Stock of **CLOTHS!** Mens' and Boy's Clothing, HATS, CAPS, —AND— **Furnishing Goods** Also, a fine and elegant line of choice patterns, and well-known makes of **CARPETINGS!** Consisting of Brussells and Tapestries, Extra Super and Super. Also OIL CLOTHS & STRAW MATTINGS. I have bought my goods for CASH at a very LOW figure, and will be enabled to give my customers better bargains than heretofore. A saving of from TEN to FIFTEEN per cent can be made by buying your good at the NEW STORE. I promise nothing in this paper, but what I can fulfill at my store at No. 78 Main St., Belfast, Me. 47tf

Jas. W. Clark Has removed his Stock of **BOOTS & SHOES** To No. 3 Phenix Row. WE ARE RECEIVING **NEW GOODS** Every day of the LATEST STYLES, and BEST QUALITY. All we ask is to call and see us. **Our Prices Can't be Beat!** *Ladies' French Kid Boots, all Grades. Ladies' American Kid Boots, full Line. Ladies' Serge Button and Congress. Good Line in Men's Low Cut Shoes. Boys and Childrens' Shoes of all kinds.* **JAS. W. CLARK.**

FOWLE'S **Pile & Humor Cure.** *One Bottle warranted a perfect CURE for all kinds of PILES. Two to four Bottles in the worst cases of LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, and all diseases of the SKIN and BLOOD.* Internal and External use. Entirely Vegetable. Money returned in all cases of failure; none for 18 years. $1 a Bottle. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet. **H. D. FOWLE & CO., Montreal and Boston.** 3mcow43

For Sale. ON the East Side river in Belfast, the place of the late T. L. Mace, consisting of 3-4 acre land and house with ell and stable attached, all in good repair. Enquire of T. C. ELLIS, or on the premises. Belfast, July 11, 1877. 4w2

House for Sale. THE subscriber offers for sale his dwelling house and 1-8 acre of land on Bay View Street. The house is three years old, two stories high, and finished throughout, is suitable for two small families. The location, commanding a view of the harbor and bay cannot be surpassed in the city. In the summer season its close proximity to the salt water, renders it cool and comfortable. The lot attached is suitable for a city garden. Apply at this office. R. G. DYER. Belfast, April 24, 1877.—43tf

Farm for Sale. I hereby offer for sale the very desirable small farm on which I now live. It is most pleasantly situated, contains thirty acres, is under good cultivation and is well fenced and watered, and in all respects convenient. It has upon it first-class buildings in thorough repair, and an engrafted orchard of bearing fruit trees. Call at office 23, Main Street, or on the premises at the intersection of the Lincolnville and Little River roads in the south part of this city. I. M. BOARDMAN. Belfast, April 12, 1877. 41tf

CEO. F. EAMES, D.D.S., DENTIST, *Emery Blk., Elm St., BUCKSPORT, ME.* 42tf

C. P. LOMBARD, DENTIST *Corner of Church & Spring Sts., BELFAST.* 41tf

G. W. STODDARD, D.D.S. DENTIST. Hayford Block, - - Belfast, Me. Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M., 1.30 to 5 P. M. Examinations and Consultations, 1.30 to 2.30 P. M.

JOHN HOMER, M. D. Office 58 Main St. Residence, Church St. BELFAST, - - - - MAINE. N. B.—Particular attention given to *Surgery* and *Female Diseases* of long standing. He may be found in his office every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, other days devoted to Surgical operations and visiting patients residing in the country, etc. 1y34

EMERY BOARDMAN, COUNSELLOR at LAW AND Notary Public, No. 23 Main Street, BELFAST, ME. April 4, 1877. 40tf

C. E. JOHNSON, Attorney at Law, No. 40 Main St., Belfast, Me. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 6m46

G. E. JOHNSON, Attorney at Law! 14 MAIN STREET, BELFAST. Office formerly occupied by Hon. Nehemiah Abbott.

GEO. E. WALLACE, Attorney at Law! HARADEN BLOK, Belfast, Me. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

American Hotel. Main Street, Belfast, Me. J. D TUCKER, Proprietor. Coaches to convey passengers to and from the cars and boats. Sample Rooms free to guests. Livery and Boarding Stable connected with the House. Belfast, Sept. 23, 1875.—tf13

BANGOR HOUSE. THIS House is now being newly furnished and repaired throughout. Steam Heat and all modern improvements. Table always supplied with the best the market affords, with efficient waiters. Eight minutes' walk from the Depot and Steamboat landings. Superior Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers, without extra charge. The management of the house will hereafter be under MAJOR H. BAKER, late of the Augusta House, Augusta, Me. 5w1 H. BAKER & CO., Proprietors.

Bread! Bread!! THE undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Belfast that on and after Monday, June 11th, I shall commence making white bread every afternoon, Sundays excepted. Team will run as usual. Thankful for past favors, would still solicit patronage. A. F. RIGGS, Bakery, Cross Street. Belfast, June 6, 1877. 49tf

Notice. WILL keep constantly on hand EXTRAS for the SPRAGUE MOWER. ALBION DRAKE, Center Lincolnville. June 29, 1877. 52

Eye-Sight, Preserve It! **Dr. C. B. Lighthill, Oculist and Aurist,** Mansion House, Augusta. Has taken the Agency for Maine of the celebrated "NE PLUS ULTRA" Glasses, the best artificial aid for failing, weak, or otherwise defective Eye-Sight. Price of Fine Spectacle or Eye-glass $2.50 Will be sent on receipt of price to any address by mail, and a perfect fit guaranteed for five years. In ordering state age, and whether glasses had been used before, and if so, send one of your old lenses if possible. Address Dr. C. B. LIGHTHILL, Mansion House, Augusta, Me. Dr. Lighthill, who is well and favorably known in this State, for over 18 years as a successful Physician for the cure of Deafness, Blindness and Catarrh, can be consulted on all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, personally, at the Mansion House, Augusta, Me. 46tf

PROVIDENCE LINE. New Route to New York, Fare $4. New York & Return $7. ONLY 42 MILES OF RAIL. Steamboat Express Train will leave Boston and Providence Railroad Station, daily (Sundays excepted) at 6 P. M. Connect at Fox Point wharf, Providence, with the **Entirely New and Magnificent STEAMER MASSACHUSETTS,** and the well-known and popular **STEAMER RHODE ISLAND,** arriving in New York at 7 A. M. This is the only line affording a delightful sail **through Narragansett Bay** by daylight. **Grand Promenade Concert every evening by D. W. Reeves's Celebrated American Band of Providence. Freight trains leave at 2.30 P. M. No intermediate landings between Providence and New York.** Freight trains leave at 2.30 P. M. Tickets and State Rooms can be secured at Company's office, 214 Washington, corner State street, and at Boston & Providence Railroad Station. J. W. RICHARDSON, Agent, Boston. A. A. FOLSOM, Sup't. B. & P. R. R. 3m39

SUMMER MILLINERY! MRS. R. SHELDON HAS just returned from BOSTON where she has selected a NEW and FASHIONABLE lot of **Summer Millinery,** Including everything in the business. Ladies are invited to call and examine our Stock which cannot fail to give satisfaction. We sell as CHEAP, if not CHEAPER, than any Milliner in the city. Remember and Give Us a Call. **Mrs. R. Sheldon & Co.** Belfast, June 14, 1877. 50tf

ORGANS. J. Estey & Co., Mason & Hamlin, New England, Geo. Woods & Co. ANY of the above standard instruments will be sold at prices that defy competition. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Every instrument is fully warranted for five years. Also, Special Agent for the White, Singer and Domestic **Sewing Machines.** Any of the above first-class machines will be sold for $28.00. Wanted, a few reliable agents. Call on or address, 10w51 M. A. JACKSON, Freedom, Me.

No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, (Opposite Revere House.) **THE SCIENCE OF LIFE;** Or, SELF-PRESERVATION. MORE THAN ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD. Gold Medal Awarded to the Author by the "National Medical Association," March 31st, 1876. JUST published by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, a new edition of the celebrated medical work entitled the "SCIENCE OF LIFE; or, SELF PRESERVATION." It treats upon MANHOOD, how lost, how regained and perpetuated; cause and cure of Exhausted Vitality, Impotency, Premature Decline in Man, Spermatorrhœa or seminal Losses (nocturnal and diurnal), Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Gloomy Forebodings, Mental Depression, Loss of energy, Haggard Countenance, Confusion of Mind and Loss of Memory, Impure State of the Blood, and all diseases arising from the Errors of Youth or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years. It tells you all about the Morale of Generative Physiology, the Physiology of Marriage, of Wedlock and Offspring, Physical Contrasts, The Morality, Empiricism, Perversion of Marriage, Conjugal Precept and Friendly Counsel, Physical Infirmity, Its Causes and Cure, Relations Between the Sexes, Proofs of the Expansion of Vice, The Miseries of Imprudence, Ancient Ignorance and Errors, MEANS OF CURE, Cure of Body and Mind. FREE PRIVILEGES OF TREATMENT, Address to Patients and Invalid Readers, The Author's Principles. The price of this book is only $1.00. This Book also contains More than Fifty Prescriptions for the above named and other diseases, each one worth more than the price of the book. Also, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES; more than 300 royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin. Price only $2.00. Barely enough to pay for printing. The Book for young and middle-aged men to read just now, is the Science of Life, or Self Preservation. The author has returned from Europe in excellent health, and is again the Chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass." Republican Journal. "The Science of Life is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary work on Physiology ever published." Boston Herald. "Hope nestled in the bottom of Pandora's box, and hope plumes her wings anew, since the issuing of these valuable works, published by the Peabody Medical Institute, which are teaching thousands how to avoid the maladies that sap the citadel of life."—Philadelphia Enquirer. "It should be read by the young, the middle-aged and even the old."—New York Tribune. The first and only Medal ever conferred upon any Medical Man in the country, as a recognition of skill and professional services, was presented to the author of these works, March 31st, 1876. The presentation was noticed at the time of its occurrence by the Boston Press, and the leading journals throughout the country. This magnificent Medal is in solid gold, set with more than one hundred India diamonds of rare brilliancy. "Altogether, in its execution and the richness of its materials, and size, this is decidedly the most noticeable medal ever struck in this country for any purpose whatever. It is well worth the inspection of Numismatists. It was fairly won and worthily bestowed."—Massachusetts Ploughman, June 24, 1876. Catalogue sent on receipt of 6c. for postage. Either of the above works sent by mail on receipt of price. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., opp. Revere House. N. B. The author can be consulted on the above named diseases, as well as all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. 1y34

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care. Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever. It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color. It removes all eruptions, Itching and dandruff, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean. By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong. As a dressing nothing has been found so effectual, or desirable. Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, says of it: "I consider it *the best preparation* for its intended purposes." **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE,** For the Whiskers. This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in *one preparation*, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off. MANUFACTURED BY R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H. *Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.*

THE MILD POWER **CURES** HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS Been in general use for twenty years. Everywhere proved the most SAFE, SIMPLE, CERTAIN and EFFICIENT medicines known. They are just what the people want, carry their own recommendation, save time, money, sickness and suffering. Every single specific the well tried prescription of an eminent physician.

Nos.	Cures.	Cents.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations,	25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
3.	Crying-Colic, or Teething of Infants,	25
4.	Diarrhœa, of Children or Adults,	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
6.	Cholera-Morbus, Vomiting,	25
7.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,	25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache,	25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
10.	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach,	25
11.	Suppressed, or Painful Periods,	25
12.	Whites, too Profuse Periods,	25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	25
15.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	25
16.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues,	50
17.	Piles, blind or bleeding,	50
18.	Ophthalmy, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
19.	Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza,	50
20.	Whooping-Cough, violent coughs,	50
21.	Asthma, oppressed Breathing,	50
22.	Ear Discharges, impaired hearing,	50
23.	Scrofula, enlarged glands, Swellings,	50
24.	General Debility, Physical Weakness,	50
25.	Dropsy and scanty Secretions,	50
26.	Sea-sickness, sickness from riding,	50
27.	Kidney-Disease, Gravel,	50
28.	Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,	1 00
29.	Sore Mouth, Canker,	50
30.	Urinary Weakness, wetting the bed,	50
31.	Painful Periods, or with Spas